The Sunny Side of Life

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Current Humor Gathered From Many Sources

By
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"What Should a Man Do But Be Merry?"

HAMLET

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

HOW DID HE KNOW?

After dinner, when the ladies had gone upstairs, the men, over their coffee and cigars, talked, as men will, of love.

All of a sudden the host cried in a loud voice: "I will tell you, gentlemen, this is the truth: I have kissed the dainty Japanese girl. I have kissed the South Sea Island maiden. I have kissed the slim Indian beauty. And the girls of England, of Germany, even of America, I have kissed, but it is most true that to kiss my wife is best of all."

Then a young man cried across the table:

"By Heaven, sir, you are right there!"

PROOF POSITIVE

Sunday-School Superintendent—"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"

No reply.

Superintendent (somewhat sternly)—"Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

Little Boy (badly frightened)—"It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week f'm Mizzoury."

NEVER AGAIN

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim. I waited for the railway train; the light was low and dim. It came at last, and from a car there stepped a dainty dame, and, looking up and down the place, she straight unto me came. "Oh, Jack!" she cried, "oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spake; then looked again, and, frightened, cried, "Oh, what a bad mistake!" I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair, for I am not your Jack; and as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightway give it back." And since that night I've often stood upon that platform dim, but only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.

NO END TO THIS GAME

Said he: "It is sweeter to give than receive.
Of a whipping this doubtless is true,
But of kissing I cannot believe
It holds good till I've tried it. Can you?"
Said She: "I don't know; let's each give and receive,
And so come to proof of the prop.
Now you give, and I'll take, and we'll leave
The one to decide who cries 'Stop!'"

DIDN'T EXPECT EVERYTHING

Winnie had been very naughty, and her mamma said: "Don't you know you will never go to Heaven if you are so naughty?"

After thinking a moment she said: "Oh, well, I have been to the circus once and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' twice. I can't expect to go everywhere."

SO THOUGHTLESS OF HIM

Wilbur J. Carr, of the State Department, had occasion to call at the house of a neighbor late at night. He rang the doorbell. After a long wait a head was poked out of a second-floor window.

"Who's there?" asked a voice.

"Mr. Carr," was the reply.

"Well," said the voice as the window banged shut, "what do I care if you missed a car? Why don't you walk and not wake up people to tell them about it?"

A POSER FOR THE SALESMAN

"It's not so much a durable article that I require, sir," said Miss Simpkins. "I want something dainty, you know, something coy, and at the same time just a wee bit saucy—that might look well for evening wear."

PREPARING FOR SHOWERS

A busy man, much engrossed with his newspaper, when leaving a street-car one morning absent-mindedly picked up an umbrella belonging to a man sitting next to him. The latter protested, and our friend, greatly mortified, apologized earnestly. On his way home from business that evening he called, at his wife's request, for three umbrellas she had left at a store to be mended. Now Fate decreed that the umbrella owner of the morning should be his nearest neighbor on the homeward car. He eyed the first man and his umbrellas keenly, and at last said quietly, but suspiciously: "I see you have had a successful day!"

WHY SHE WANTED PARK LANE

A lady carrying a little dog, in a London omnibus, wanted to know at every turning whether this was Park Lane.

She began asking the question soon after the 'bus started and repeated it at intervals all along the route, until at last she was told, to the intense relief of everybody in the omnibus, that Park Lane was really before her eyes.

But they were not to see the last of her even then. "Look!" she said in ecstatic tones, holding the dog up to the window; "that's where your mother was born!"

DOUBTFUL ASSURANCES

"Do you think they approved of my sermon?" asked the newly-appointed rector, hopeful that he had made a good impression.

"Yes, I think so," replied his wife; "they were all nodding."

DEFINITIVE

The schoolmaster was trying to explain the meaning of the word "conceited," which had occurred in the course of the reading lesson. "Now, boys," he said, "suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a good deal o' Latin, for instance, or that my personal appearance was—that I was very good-looking, y'know—what should you say I was?"

Straightforward Boy—"Sure, sir, I'd say you was a liar, sir!"

ONE ON THE DOCTOR THAT TIME

A prominent physician, whose specialty was physical diagnosis, required his patients, before entering his private consultation room, to divest themselves of all superfluous clothing in order to save time. One day a man presented himself without having complied with this requirement.

"Why do you come in here without complying with my rules?" demanded the doctor. "Just step into that side room and remove your clothing and then I'll see you. Next patient, please!"

The man did as requested, and after a time presented himself in regular order duly divested of his clothing.

"Now," said the doctor, "what can I do for you?"

"I just called," replied the man, "to collect that tailoring bill which you owe us."

AND THAT SETTLED IT

"If ye please, mum," said the ancient hero, in an appealing voice, as he stood at the back door of the cottage on washday, "I've lost my leg—"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman fiercely.

And the door closed with a bang.

HIS LAST REQUEST

Judge (to prisoner just condemned to death)—"You have the legal right to express a last wish, and if it is possible it will be granted."

Prisoner (a barber)—"I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the District Attorney."

SO MOTHER—SO SON

Vincent was altogether too garrulous in school to please his teachers. Such punishments as the institution allowed to be meted out were tried without any apparent effect upon the boy until at last the head Master decided to mention the lad's fault upon his monthly report.

So the next report to his father had these words: "Vincent talks a great deal."

Back came the report by mail duly signed, but with this written in red ink under the comment: "You ought to hear his mother."

COULD USE THE OTHER KIND, TOO

"Here," said the salesman, "is something we call the 'lovers' clock.' You can set it so it will take two hours to run one hour."

"I'll take that," said Miss Jarmer with a bright blush. "And now, if you have one that can be set so as to run two hours in one hour's time or less, I think I'd like one of that kind, too."

WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN STRANGE

Two women were strangers to each other at a reception. After a few moment's desultory talk, the first said rather querulously:

"I don't know what's the matter with that tall, blond gentleman over there. He was so attentive a while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband."

HIS SCHEME WORKED ALL RIGHT

It is related that a certain man was recently very sad because his wife had gone out of town on a visit, which she would not shorten in spite of his appeals to her to come home. He finally hit upon a plan to induce her to return. He sent her a copy of each of the local papers with one item clipped out, and when she wrote to find out what it was he had clipped out he refused to tell her.

The scheme worked admirably! In less than a week she was home to find out what it was that had been going on that her husband didn't want her to know about!

HE PUT HIM OFF, ALL RIGHT

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up hard. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off the train no matter how hard I fight. Understand?"

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin-giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling: "Rochester!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where's that porter?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the negro and found him in the porter's closet,

huddled up, with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn, and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you *are* a sight. Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!"-gasped the porter, jumping up, as his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you de gemman dat giv me a five-dollah gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well, den, befoah de Lawd. who was dat gemman I put off at Syracuse?"

THE ONLY WAY HE COULD HELP

Chief Justice Matthews, while presiding over the Supreme Court at Washington, took the several Justices of the Court for a run down Chesapeake Bay. A stiff wind sprang up, and Justice Gray was getting decidedly the worst of it. As he leaned over the rail in great distress, Chief Justice Matthews touched him on the shoulder, and said in a tone of deepest sympathy: "Is there anything I can do for you, Gray!"

"No, thank you," returned the sick Justice, "unless your Honor can overrule this motion."

RAPID-FIRE

A frivolous young English girl, with no love for the Stars and Stripes, once exclaimed at a celebration where the American flag was very much in evidence: "Oh, what a silly-looking thing the American flag is! It suggests nothing but checker-berry candy."

"Yes," replied a bystander, "the kind of candy that has made everybody sick who ever tried to lick it."

A POPULAR STORE

The salesman in a large department store wore a troubled look. "You must be severely tried," said a man standing by. "There are all sorts and conditions of people in the world."

"Yes, there are," said the salesman, "and they're all here, too!"

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Last Christmas a middle-aged tinplate worker married a widow whose acquaintance he had made but a few weeks before while working some little distance away from home.

"Sarrah," he said nervously, after the guests had departed, "I 'ave a weddin' present for ye."

"What is it, John?" said Sarrah with a smirk.

"I 'ope ye won't be 'fended, Sarrah," said John, more agitated than ever, "but it is—er—er—it is five of 'em."

"Five of wat?" asked Sarrah.

"Five children!" blurted out John desperately, anticipating a scene. "I didn't tell ye I 'ad children—five of 'em."

Sarrah took the news quite calmly; in fact, she appeared relieved.

"Oh, well, John," she said, "that do make it easier for me to tell ye. Five is not so bad as me, watever. Seven I 'ave got!"

"Wat!" howled John.

"Seven," repeated Sarrah composedly. "That is my weddin' present to ye, John."

A TIMELY SUGGESTION

"For some time past I've been buying a dozen eggs every week at this store, and I invariably find two bad ones in every dozen. Something's got to be done about it," said an irate housekeeper.

"Well," said the new clerk naïvely, and with a quiet smile, "mebbe if you only bought half-a-dozen you'd only get one bad one."

AN ENDLESS WASH

In one of the lesser Indian hill wars an English detachment took an Afghan prisoner. The Afghan was very dirty. Accordingly two privates were deputied to strip and wash him.

The privates dragged the man to a stream of running water, undressed him, plunged him in, and set upon him lustily with stiff brushes and large cakes of white soap.

After a long time one of the privates came back to make a report. He saluted his officer and said disconsolately:

"It's no use, sir. It's no use."

"No use?" said the officer. "What do you mean? Haven't you washed that Afghan yet?"

"It's no use, sir," the private repeated. "We've washed him for two hours, but it's no use."

"How do you mean it's no use?" said the officer angrily.

"Why, sir," said the private, "after rubbin' him and scrubbin' him till our arms ached I'll be hanged if we didn't come to another suit of clothes."

WHY HE KNEW

A prominent Judge, who was an enthusiastic golfer, had occasion to question a boy witness in a criminal suit.

"Now, my boy," said the Judge, "are you sure that you know the nature and significance of an oath—that is, what an oath really means?"

The boy looked up at the Judge in surprise, and then answered:

"Why, of course I do, Judge. Don't I caddy for you at the Country Club?"

OVERDID IT A BIT

A famous statesman prided himself on his success in campaigning, when called upon to reach a man's vote through his family pride.

On one of his tours he passed through a country town when he came suddenly upon a charming group —a comely woman with a bevy of little ones about her—in a garden. He stopped short, then advanced and leaned over the front gate.

"Madam," he said in his most ingratiating way, "may I kiss these beautiful children?"

"Certainly, sir," the lady answered demurely.

"They are lovely darlings," said the campaigner after he had finished the eleventh. "I have seldom seen more beautiful babies. Are they all yours, marm?"

The lady blushed deeply.

"Of course they are—the sweet little treasures," he went on. "From whom else, marm, could they have

inherited these limpid eyes, these rosy cheeks, these profuse curls, these comely figures and these musical voices?"

The lady continued blushing.

"By the way, marm," said the statesman, "may I bother you to tell your estimable husband that ——, Republican candidate for Governor, called upon him this evening?"

"I beg your pardon," said the lady, "I have no husband."

"But these children, madam—you surely are not a widow?"

"I fear you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum!"

SHE KNEW HIM AT ONCE

"My dear," said the caller, with a winning smile, to the little girl who occupied the study while her father, an eminent literary man, was at his dinner, "I suppose you assist your papa by entertaining the bores?"

"Yes, sir," replied the little girl gravely; "please be seated."

NOT JUST THE RIGHT PLACE

A bashful young couple, who were evidently very much in love, entered a crowded street car.

"Do you suppose we can squeeze in here?" he asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was the low, embarrassed reply.

A SAFE REWARD

There was a man whose wife had a terrier of extreme ferocity. It bit the man a number of times. He expressed great hatred for it.

Finally the terrier bit a large piece out of the calf of the man's leg, and the next day it disappeared.

The man advertised widely for the dog's return. He offered a reward of $200 for it, and his friends were amazed.

"I thought," said a friend to him, "that you hated that dog?"

"I do," the man admitted.

"Why then, do you offer such a large reward for its return?"

"To please my wife."

"But you're foolish," said the other. "Such a large reward will be sure to bring it back."

"No, no," said the man, with a smile. "You see, I know the dog is dead."

HARD PRAYING

An old colored man stole a pig, and after getting home with the animal knelt to pray before retiring. His wife heard him praying to the Lord to forgive him for stealing the pig. She went to sleep with Uncle Eph still praying. Later in the night she woke up and saw her husband still kneeling in prayer. At daybreak his supplications had not ceased. "Eph, why don't you come to bed?" asked his wife. "Let me 'lone, 'Riah; de mo' I tries to 'splain to de Lord how I come to steal dat pig de wusser I gits mixed."

TOOK THE WRONG HOUSE

On one of the Southern railroads there is a station building that is commonly known by travelers as the smallest railroad station in America. It is of this station that the story is told that an old farmer was expecting a chicken-house to arrive there, and he sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it. Arriving there the man saw the house, loaded it on to his wagon and started for home. On the way he met a man in uniform with the words "Station Agent" on his cap.

"Say, hold on. What have you got on that wagon?" he asked.

"My chicken-house, of course," was the reply.

"Chicken-house be jiggered!" exploded the official. "That's the station!"

A PERSONAL DEMONSTRATION

Chatting in leisurely fashion with Prince Bismarck in Berlin Lord Russell asked the Chancellor how he managed to rid himself of importunate visitors whom he could not refuse to see, but who stuck like burrs when once admitted.

"Oh," replied Bismarck, "I have my easy escape. My wife knows people of this class very well, and when she is sure there is a bore here and sees them staying too long she manages to call me away on some plausible pretext."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when the Princess Bismarck appeared at the door. "My dear," she said to her husband, "you must come at once and take your medicine; you should have taken it an hour ago."

THE WEEK WAS TOO LONG

A very-much-desired social young man was being invited to dinner where he did not particularly wish to dine.

"Won't you dine with us on Monday evening?" sweetly asked his would-be hostess.

"I am very sorry," politely said the young man, "But I fear I cannot make it for Monday evening."

"Then let us say Tuesday evening," suggested the lady.

"That is quite impossible. I have ——" was the reply.

"That is too bad," rejoined the hostess-to-be. "But Wednesday evening?"

"I am to go out of town," replied the young man.

"What a popular young man," gayly said the lady. "But surely you can give us Thursday evening?"

"Oh, well," said the young man, "suppose we make it Monday evening."

THE GREATER CALAMITY

Two or three urchins were running down a long and very steep flight of steps, when the foremost stumbled and fell headlong twenty to thirty feet, and was only stopped near the bottom by doubling backward around the newel-post. It looked as though his back was broken, and that he was a dead small boy, but he gathered himself up, thrust his hands anxiously in his trousers' pockets, and ejaculated:

"B'gosh, I b'le've I lost a cent."

SUCH A PLEASANT ROOM

"It ain't ev'rybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending a night at her house.

"This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on, as she bustled around opening shutters and arranging the curtains. "My first husband died in that bed with his head on these very pillers, and poor Mr. Jinks died settin' right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still.

"My own father died layin' on that lounge under the winder. Poor pa! He was a Speeritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him tonight you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in Speeritualism, and I'd hate to think that.

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart-disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him, and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer.

"There's I guess things'll do now—

"Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams."

FOR HIM TO DECIDE

"Well, well," said the absent-minded professor, as he stood knee-deep in the bathtub, "what did I get in here for?"

DIFFERENT FROM HIS BRETHREN

A physician once had a grave dug for a patient supposed to be dying, who afterward recovered, and over this error of judgment the doctor was joked for many years.

Once he attended, in consultation with three confreres, another patient. This patient really died. After the death, as the physicians discussed the case together, one of them said:

"Since quick burial is necessary we might inter the body temporarily. I understand our brother has a vacant grave on hand."

The doctor smiled. "Yes," he said, "I believe I am the only physician present whose graves are not all filled."

IT WAS MARY'S OWN IDEA

"Did you mail my letter, Mary?" asked her mistress. "It was an important one, you know."

"Yis, mum, indeed I did."

"But why have you brought back the two cents I gave you for the stamp?"

"Sure, I didn't have to use it, mum," replied Mary. "I slipped th' letther into th' box whin nobody was lukin'."

DESERVED TO BE TRIED

The Judge was at dinner in the new household when the young wife asked: "Did you ever try any of my biscuits, Judge?"

"No," said the Judge, "I never did; but I dare say they deserve it."

COULDN'T FOOL HIM THAT FAR

Years ago, when telephones were still a novelty, a farmer came to town one day and called on a lawyer friend of his whom he supplied with butter, and who had had a telephone recently put in his office.

"Need any butter this morning?" asked the farmer.

"Well, I don't know," answered the lawyer. "Wait a minute. I'll ask my wife about it."

After speaking through the 'phone he went on: "No; my wife says no."

The farmer's face was a study for a moment. Then he broke out with: "Look-a-here, Mr. Lawyer, I may be a 'Rube' and have my whiskers full of hay and hayseed, but I'm not such a big fool as to believe that your wife is in that box!"

SHE WANTED TO WATCH HIM

"And will you have gas, madam?" inquired the dentist, as a stout, elderly woman entered his office.

"Well," she replied with a doubtful glance at the doctor, "you don't suppose I'm going to let you tinker about me in the dark, do you?"

A COAT THAT WOULDN'T COME OFF

The inspector asked the boys of the school he was examining: "Can you take your warm overcoats off?" "Yes, sir," was the response. "Can the bear take his warm overcoat off?" "No, sir." "Why not?" There was silence for a while, and then a little boy spoke up: "Please, sir, because God alone knows where the buttons are."

HE HAD A GOOD EXCUSE

"Good morning, Mrs. Stubbins," said the parson; "is your husband at home?"

"'E's 'ome, sir, but 'e's abed," replied Mrs. Stubbins, who had just finished hanging a pair of recently-patched trousers on the clothesline.

"How is it he didn't come to church on Sunday? You know we must have our hearts in the right place."

"Lor', sir," retorted the faithful wife, "'is 'eart's all right. It's 'is trouziz!"

A QUESTION OF MEASURING

Two farmers once called upon Daniel Drew, the old Wall Street magnate, when he was visiting friends in the country, and asked him to decide a dispute. One of them had sold the other five bushels of wheat and proposed to measure it in a half-bushel basket and sweep off the top with a board. The other objected, but was willing to abide by "Uncle Daniel's" decision as to whether the measure could be swept off.

"I think it can," he declared.

"With what?"

"Well, I should probably use the half-head of a flour-barrel."

"Which edge of it?"

"Uncle Daniel" smiled. "If I were selling to a widow or a minister," he answered, "I would sweep the measure with the straight edge. But if I were selling to a man who pastured his cows in the road and his pigs in his neighbors' corn I'm afraid I would use the round edge and scoop a little to boot."

DID THE SHOE FIT?

A lonely bachelor, at the age of seventy-two, married a young wife. A Sunday or two after the wedding a widower asked the minister who had officiated at the wedding ceremony of the bachelor to pray for him, as his own wife had just died. The minister, in his prayer, therefore, did not fail to remember "our aged and grieving brother, upon whom the heavy hand of sore affliction has so lately fallen."

At these words the old bridegroom, red and snorting with rage, rose from beside his girl wife.

"It may be a sore affliction," he growled audibly, as he left the church, "but I'll be hanged if any man's going to pray for me in public that way."

HOW HE FELT ABOUT IT

Years before Richard Mansfield attained his preeminence as an actor he was a musical and dramatic critic on a Boston paper. The advent of the great German pianist, Von Bülow, gave the witty youth an opportunity which he was quick to seize. Mansfield wrote:

"Man wants but little Herr Bülow,
Nor wants that little long."

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN

A woman agitator, holding forth on the platform and presenting the greatness of her sex, cried out: "Take away woman and what would follow?"

And from the audience came a clear, male voice: "We would."

HE DID HIS BEST

A hungry Irishman went into a restaurant on Friday and said to the waiter:

"Have yez any whale?"

"No."

"Have yez any shark?"

"No."

"Have yez any swordfish?"

"No."

"Have yez any jellyfish?"

"No."

"All right," said the Irishman. "Then bring me ham and eggs and beefsteak smothered wid onions. The Lord knows I asked for fish."

THEY COME HIGH—BUT——

A stranger in New York asked a newsboy to direct him to a certain bank, promising him half a dollar for it. The boy took him about three doors away and there was the bank. Paying the fee, the man said, "That was half a dollar easily earned, son."

"Sure," said the boy; "but youse mustn't fergit that bank directors is paid high in Noo Yawk."

REALLY, ALL THE SAME

As the railroad train was stopping an old lady, not accustomed to traveling, hailed the passing conductor and asked:

"Conductor, what door shall I get out by?"

"Either door, ma'am," graciously answered the conductor. "The car stops at both ends."

THREE TO TWO

Some little girls were boasting of their respective families. They had passed from clothes to personal appearance and finally came to parental dignity. The minister's little girl boasted:

"Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D. D.'"

"And every package that comes for my papa is marked 'M. D.'," retorted the daughter of the physician.

Then followed a look of contempt from the youngest of the party. "Huh!" she exclaimed. "Every package that comes to our house has three letters on it: 'C. O. D.'"

AN EASY WAY TO STOP IT

William Penn was once urging a man he knew to stop drinking to excess when the man suddenly asked:

"Can you tell me of an easy way to do it?"

"Yes," Penn replied readily, "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend."

"Convince me of that," the man exclaimed, "and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me."

"Well, my friend," Penn answered, "whenever thee finds a glass of liquor in thy hand, open that hand before the glass touches thy lips, and thee will never drink to excess again."

The man was so struck by the simplicity of the great Quaker's advice that he followed it and reformed.

MUSIC TOUCHED HIS HEART

A thief broke into a Madison Avenue mansion early the other morning and found himself in the music-room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he took refuge behind a screen.

From eight to nine o'clock the eldest daughter had a singing lesson.

From nine to ten o'clock the second daughter took a piano lesson.

From ten to eleven o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson.

From eleven to twelve o'clock the other son had a lesson on the flute.

At twelve-fifteen all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied an ear-splitting piece for voice, piano, violin and flute.

The thief staggered out from behind the screen at twelve-forty-five, and falling at their feet, cried:

"For heaven's sake, have me arrested!"

ADDITION TO THE CATECHISM

An enterprising superintendent was engaged one Sunday in catechizing the Sunday-school pupils, varying the usual method by beginning at the end of the catechism.

After asking what were the prerequisites for the Holy Communion and confirmation, and receiving satisfactory replies, he asked:

"And now, boys, tell me what must precede baptism?"

A lively urchin shouted out: "A baby, sir!"

HE COULDN'T VERY WELL

A husband was being arraigned in court in a suit brought by his wife for cruelty.

"I understand, sir," said the judge, addressing the husband, "that one of the indignities you have showered upon your wife is that you have not spoken to her for three years. Is that so?"

"It is, your Honor," quickly answered the husband.

"Well, sir," thundered the judge, "why didn't you speak to her, may I ask?"

"Simply," replied the husband, "because I didn't want to interrupt her."

NOT AS ADVERTISED

A woman who traveled a great deal in the West was known as the most inveterate kicker a certain hotel had ever known.

One evening after she had been served with dessert this lady, who was always complaining, asked the waiter why the dish served her was called ice cream pudding.

"If you don't like it, ma'am, I'll bring you something else," suggested the polite negro.

"Oh, it's very nice," responded the lady. "What I object to is that it should be called ice cream pudding. It's wrongly named. There should be ice cream served with it."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the waiter, "but that's jest our name for it. Lots of dishes that way. Dey don't bring you a cottage with cottage pudding, you know."

GOT A BIT ANXIOUS

Dr. George Dana Boardman, the famous Baptist preacher, used to tell this story on himself:

"I preached a funeral sermon at one time, and spoke longer than was my custom.

"The undertaker was a man of nervous temperament, and as the afternoon was going he began to be anxious to be on the way to the cemetery. He finally whispered to one of my members: 'Does your minister always preach as long as that at a funeral?'

"'Well,' said the brother, 'that is a good sermon.'

"'Yes,' said the undertaker, 'the sermon is all right, and I believe in the resurrection; but I'm afraid if he does not stop pretty soon I will not get this man buried in time.'"

HER AFFECTIONATE BROTHERS

It was commencement day at a well-known girls' seminary, and the father of one of the young women came to attend the graduation exercises. He was presented to the principal, who said, "I congratulate you, sir, upon your extremely large and affectionate family."

"Large and affectionate?" he stammered and looking very much surprised.

"Yes, indeed," said the principal. "No less than twelve of your daughter's brothers have called frequently during the winter to take her driving and sleighing, while your eldest son escorted her to the theater at least twice a week. Unusually nice brothers they are."

THE HORSE HAD A HABIT

At an annual series of races "for all comers," the sun was blazing down on a field of hot, excited horses and men, all waiting for a tall, raw-boned beast to yield to the importunities of the starter and get into line.

The patience of the starter was nearly exhausted. "Bring up that horse!" he shouted. "Bring him up!"

The rider of the refractory beast, a youthful Irishman, yelled back: "I can't! This here's been a cab-horse, and he won't start till he hears the door shut, an' I ain't got no door!"

SO EASY WHEN EXPLAINED

A woman riding in a Philadelphia trolley car said to the conductor:

"Can you tell me, please, on what trolley cars I can use these exchange slips? They mix me up somewhat."

"They really shouldn't madam," said the polite conductor. "It is very simple: East of the junction by a westbound car an exchange from an eastbound car is good only if the westbound car is west of the junction formed by said eastbound car. South of the junction formed by a northbound car an exchange from a southbound car is good south of the junction if the northbound car was north of the junction at the time of issue, but only south of the junction going south if the southbound car was going north at the time it was south of the junction. That is all there is to it."

A STIRRING SERMON

One summer Sunday morning the minister innocently delivered a sermon which, it appears, had been given by him two or three years previous.

During the progress of the sermon a violent thunderstorm came up which created some little nervousness among the congregation.

After the services were over, and as the minister was about to leave the building he met the janitor.

"Henry," he said, "that was a pretty severe storm while I was preaching this morning, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Henry, "and the singular thing about it is that there was a thunderstorm the last time you preached that sermon."

NOT ALL THE TIME, BUT—

A man saw a waiter in a restaurant spill a tureen of tomato soup over a young lady's white gown.

The young lady, instead of flying into a passion, smiled. She said it didn't matter. She continued to eat and to talk as though nothing had happened.

This so impressed the man that he got an introduction to the young lady, proposed to her at the end of a month or so, and was accepted.

Some time after the marriage he spoke of the tomato-soup accident.

"I shall never forget it," said the bride.

"Your conduct," said the man, "was admirable."

"I remember," she said, "that I did behave very well at the time; but I wish you could have seen the marks of my teeth on the bedpost that night."

THE DEACON'S TROUT

By Henry Ward Beecher

He was a curious trout. I believe he knew Sunday just as well as Deacon Marble did. At any rate, the Deacon thought the trout meant to aggravate him. The Deacon, you know, is a little waggish. He often tells about that trout. Says he: "One Sunday morning, just as I got along by the willows, I heard an awful splash, and not ten feet from shore I saw the trout, as long as my arm, just curving over like a bow and going down with something for breakfast.

"'Gracious!' says I, and I almost jumped out of the wagon.

"But my wife, Polly, says she, 'What on airth are you thinkin' of, Deacon? It's Sabbath Day, and you're goin' to meetin'! It's a pretty business for a deacon!'

"That sort o' cooled me off. But I do say that, for about a minute, I wished I wasn't a deacon. But 'twouldn't make any difference, for I came down next day to mill on purpose, and I came down once or twice more, and nothin' was to be seen, though I tried him with the most temptin' things.

"Wal, next Sunday I came along agin, and to save my life I couldn't keep off worldly and wanderin' thoughts. I tried to be sayin' my catechism, but I couldn't keep my eyes off the pond as we came up to the willows. I'd got along in the catechism, as smooth as the road, to the Fourth Commandment, and was

sayin' it out loud for Polly, and jist as I was sayin', 'What is required in the Fourth Commandment?' I heard a splash and there was the trout, and, afore I could think, I said: 'Gracious, Polly, I must have that trout.'

"She almost riz right up. 'I knew you wa'n't sayin' your catechism hearty. Is this the way you answer the question about keepin' the Lord's Day? I'm ashamed, Deacon Marble,' says she. 'You'd better change your road, and go to meetin' on the road over the hill. If I was a deacon I wouldn't let a fish's tail whisk the whole catechism out of my head,' and I had to go to meetin' on the hill road all the rest of the summer."

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

A Bostonian died, and when he arrived at St. Peter's gate he was asked the usual questions:

"What is your name, and where are you from?"

The answer was, "Mr. So-and-So, from Boston."

"You may come in," said St. Peter, "but I know you won't like it."

IT TICKLED THEM

An amateur artist contributed a painting to the academy for the first time. With natural curiosity he said to the carrier, "Did you see my picture safely delivered?"

"Indeed I did," replied the man, "and mighty pleased they seemed to be with it—leastways, if I may jedge, sir. They didn't say nothin', but, Lor! how they did laugh when they got a light on it!"

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

A busy merchant was about to leave his home in Brixton for a trip on the Continent, and his wife, knowing his aversion to letter-writing, reminded him gently of the fact.

"Now, John, you must be eyes and ears for us at home and drop us an occasional post-card telling us anything of interest. Don't forget, will you, dear?"

The husband promised. The next morning his wife received a postal-card: "Dear wife, I reached Dover all right. Yours aff."

Though somewhat disappointed she thought her husband must have been pressed for time. Two days later, however, another card arrived, with the startling announcement: "Here I am in Paris. Yours ever." And still later: "I am indeed in Paris. Yours."

Then the wife decided to have a little fun and seized her pen and wrote: "Dear husband, the children and I are at Brixton. Yours."

A few days later she wrote again: "We are still in Brixton."

In her last communication she grew more enthusiastic: "Dear husband, here we are in Brixton. I repeat it, sir, we are in Brixton. P. S.—We are, indeed."

In due time her husband reached home, fearing that his poor wife had temporarily lost her senses, and hastened to ask the meaning of her strange messages. With a winning smile she handed him his own three postal-cards.

NOT THE KIND

"Which way, please, to the corset department?" she asked of the floor-walker.

"Straight back, madam."

"No, not straight back," was the reply. "I want a straight front."

EASY MONEY FOR THE DOCTOR

A prominent physician in an Arkansas town has an extensive practice among the laboring classes where economy is the best policy. One day the little daughter of one of the men became very sick, and the doctor was hurriedly called. He arrived, and administered a soothing treatment to the patient, who was soon sleeping soundly, and upon leaving prescribed some medicine which was to be obtained at the drug store. The next day the visit had to be repeated and some more medicine bought. This was kept up until the little girl was entirely well, when the father went to see the doctor to settle the bill.

As his purse was rather slim, he approached the doctor with many misgivings.

"Here is your bill, sir," began the doctor, handing him the paper. "This for the drugs from the store, and this for my visits."

The poor man looked and was horrified at the amount requested, realizing that he could not pay it all. Then after thinking a moment he took out his purse and laid some pieces of change in the physician's hand, saying: "Here is the money for the drugs, Doctor, and—we will return your calls."

HER LITTLE GAME

As a married couple were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of a city the husband noted the attention which other women obtained from passers-by, and remarked to his better half:

"Folks never look at you. I wish I had married some one better looking."

The woman tartly replied: "It's your fault. Do you think a man will stare at me when you're walking with me? You step behind and see whether men don't look at me."

The husband hung back about a dozen yards, and for the length of the street was surprised to see every man his wife passed stare hard at her and even turn around and look after her.

"Sure, lassie!" he exclaimed as he rejoined her, "I was wrong and take it back. I'll never say aught about your looks again."

The wife had made a face at every man she met.

APRIL FOOL ON MAMMA!

Little Willie had a very pretty governess, and on April first he rather startled his mother by rushing in to her and saying:

"Mamma, there's a strange man upstairs who has just put his arm around Miss Wilson's waist, and kissed her several times——"

"What?" said the mother, as she jumped up to pull the bell for the butler.

"April fool, Mamma!" said Willie, in great glee. "It wasn't a strange man at all. It was Papa!"

GUARDING AGAINST FUTURE MISTAKES

An early morning customer in an optician's shop was a young woman with a determined air. She addressed the first salesman she saw. "I want to look at a pair of eyeglasses, sir, of extra magnifying power."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the salesman; "something very strong?"

"Yes, sir. While visiting in the country I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook a stranger for an acquaintance?"

"No, not exactly that; I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

APOSTLE AND EPISTLE

A man riding through the mountains of Tennessee stopped one evening to water his horse before a little cabin, outside of which sat an old colored woman watching the antics of a couple of piccaninnies playing near-by.

"Good evening, Aunty," he called. "Cute pair of boys you've got. Your children?"

"Laws-a-massy! Mah chillun! 'Deed, dem's mah daughteh's chilluns. Come hyah, you boys."

As the boys obeyed the summons the man inquired their names.

"Clah to goodness, sah, dem chilluns is right smaht named!" said the old woman. "Ye see, mah daughteh done got 'ligion long ago, an' named dese hyah boys right out de Bible, sah. Dis hyah one's named Apostle Paul, an' de uddah's called Epistle Peter."

A REASONABLE INFERENCE

A little girl's papa had been very ill with appendicitis and had lain for many days in the darkened room after the doctors had come and removed his appendix. The little girl had been told to be very quiet and very good, with the promise that she should go in to see her papa at the earliest possible moment. At last she was permitted a brief interview. She stood perfectly still gazing at her father with loving eyes, but when the nurse came to take her away she held back a moment.

"Haven't I been very quiet, Papa?"

"Yes," whispered the fond parent.

"And haven't I been very good?"

Her father admitted it.

"Then won't you do me a favor, Papa?"

"Certainly. What is it, my child?"

"Let me see the baby."

FRANCIS WILSON'S IDEA OF A PLAY

"What I want," said Francis Wilson to an amateur dramatist, "is a bright, short play."

"How do you mean—a short, bright drama?" asked the author. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Wilson; "here's one. It's direct and leaves much to the imagination.

"It is in one act.

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young fellow. They embrace; neither of them says a word. Then a door opens at

the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least, that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer.

"The husband takes off his coat, draws from his pocket a heavy Colt's revolver, and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine fires.

"The young woman falls dead.

"He fires again and the young man is similarly disposed of. Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work. 'Great heavens!' he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor.'"

WHY HE WANTED TO GO

"Would you mind if I went into the smoking-car, dear?" asked the bridegroom in a tender voice.

"What! to smoke, sweetheart?" questioned the bride.

"Oh, dear, no," replied the young husband; "I want to experience the agony of being away from you, so that the joy of my return will be all the more intensified."

ENOUGH SAID

As an architect met a lady of his acquaintance on the street he remarked that he had just been to see the nave of the new church of which they were both members. "You needn't mention names," said the lady with an apprehensive glance; "I know the man to whom you refer."

WHAT SURPRISED HIM

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to this country. On the way over Patrick died. Preparations were made for the burial at sea, but the lead weights customarily used in such cases were lost. Chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully:

"Well, Pat, I always knew ye were goin' there, but I'm hanged if I thought they'd make ye bring yer own coal."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

A young man from New York who had been to Boston had gone broke in that city. Not knowing how else to get back to New York he took a chance and boarded a train bound for the city. When the conductor came through he told him that he was a reporter for a certain metropolitan newspaper who had been sent to Boston on an assignment. He declared that he had inadvertently mislaid his pass and that his money had given out. However, if the conductor would take him through he would pay him the money as soon as they arrived in New York.

"I guess that will be all right," said the conductor. "But, by-the-way, your editor is in the parlor-car. Come up with me and if he says you are a member of his staff I will take you through."

They went up to the parlor-car, and to the young man's surprise the editor vouched for him and as-

sured the conductor that everything was correct and legitimate. As soon as the official was out of hearing the young man thanked the editor for his kindness, and said:

"Of course you know I'm not connected with your paper, and I was fearfully afraid you'd give me away."

"Young man," said the other, "I am not the editor. I'm only traveling on his pass."

WORSE THAN BIGOTRY

A prisoner was brought before a police magistrate. He looked around and discovered that his clerk was absent. "Here, officer," he said, "what's this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your Honor," replied the policeman. "He's got three wives."

The magistrate looked at the officer as though astounded at such ignorance. "Why, officer," he said, "that's not bigotry—that's trigonometry."

END OF THE HONEYMOON

An old married man happened to meet a beaming bridegroom on the latter's first day at business after the wedding trip.

"Hello!" said he; "finished your honeymoon yet?"

"I don't know," replied the happy husband, smiling. "I have never been able to determine the exact meaning of the word honeymoon."

"Well, then, has your wife commenced to do the cooking yet?"

SHE FELT BAD WHEN WELL

An old lady, really quite well, was always complaining and "enjoying poor health," as she expressed it. Her various ailments were to her the most interesting topic in the world. One day a neighbor found her eating a hearty meal, and asked her how she was.

"Poor me," she sighed, "I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I am going to feel worse afterward."

MURDER WILL OUT

The newly-graduated daughter who had decided to become an artist had returned to her Boston home.

"I am glad that your mind has taken a turn toward art, for you know that more is expected of you now than if you lived in Chicago," said her proud parent.

"Yes, Father," she replied dutifully, with downcast eyes.

"And I hope that you will distinguish yourself in more than one way."

"Yes, Father."

"I particularly desire that you become noted as an essayist also," continued the ambitious parent.

"Yes, Father," was the still modest reply.

"I have spared neither pains nor expense in your education thus far, but notwithstanding this immense outlay of time and money, if you can think of anything which you believe will add to your equipment for the career which you are about to begin—if you can suggest some other way of refining your taste—

please do so. Do you know of anything else, my dear?"

"Yes, Father," and this time the downcast eyes were raised and looked hopefully into his.

"Speak out; never mind the expense."

"Well, Father, I'd like to go this afternoon and see Sullivan thump that yap from the country."

FRIVOLITY OF OUTWARD SHOW

Dear old Aunt Jane was making a visit in the early spring at the home of her newly-married niece, and spring clothes was the all-absorbing topic of conversation in the family.

"I feel sure this hat's not broad enough in the brim, Aunt Jane," said the worldly niece, who wanted to appear just as bewitching to her young husband as she did in her going-away costume.

"What does it matter, child! Look at me!" replied Aunt Jane, in a comforting tone. "I put on anything! Don't I look all right?"

UNDER HER BED

Mrs. Hicks was telling some ladies about the burglar scare in her house the night before.

"Yes," she said, "I heard a noise and got up, and there from under the bed I saw a man's legs sticking out."

"Mercy," exclaimed a woman—"the burglar's legs?"

"No, my dear, my husband's legs. He had heard the noise, too."

WHAT HE USED THE MILK FOR

A clergyman had been for some time displeased with the quality of milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for drinking purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

AN INNOCENT CRIMINAL

Frederick of Prussia had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the Royal Guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to espy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high; he accosted him in English and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of military life and a large bounty so delighted Pat that he immediately consented.

"But unless you can speak German the King will not give you so much."

"Oh, be jabers," said the Irishman, "sure I don't know a word of German."

"But," said the sergeant, "you can learn in a short time. The King knows every man in the Guards. As soon as he sees you he will ride up and ask you how old you are; you will say 'Twenty-seven' in German; next, how long have you been in the service;

you must reply, 'Three weeks'; finally, as to whether you are provided with food and clothes, you answer, 'Both.'"

Pat soon learned his German answers but never dreamed of getting familiar with the questions. In three weeks he appeared before the King in review. His Majesty rode up to him. Paddy stepped forward with "present arms."

"How old are you?" said the King.

"Three weeks," said the Irishman.

"How long have you been in the service?" asked His Majesty.

"Twenty-seven years."

"Am I a fool or are you?" roared the King.

"Both," replied Patrick, who was immediately taken to the guard-room, but pardoned by the King when the latter understood the facts of the case.

NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED

A charming, well-preserved widow had been courted and won by a physician. She had children. The wedding-day was approaching, and it was time the children should know they were to have a new father. Calling one of them to her she said: "Georgie, I am going to do something before long that I would like to talk about with you."

"What is it, Ma?" asked the boy.

"I am intending to marry Doctor Jones in a few days, and—"

"Bully for you, Ma! Does Doctor Jones know it?"

SHE HAD HIM THAT TIME

It was the same old story of a man who refused to tell his wife the outcome of a business transaction in which, naturally, she took a deep interest.

"No," he sneered, "I won't tell you. If I did you'd repeat it. You women can never keep a secret."

"John," said the woman quietly, "have I ever told the secret about the solitaire engagement ring you gave me eighteen years ago being paste?"

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS

Ten-year-old Fred was going to a party for the first time.

"Here's half a dollar, Fred," said his father; "if it rains be sure you take a cab home."

When Fred got home he was thoroughly drenched.

"Why didn't you take a cab?" exclaimed his father.

"I did, father," replied Fred; "and I sat on the box all the way home. It was glorious."

OF COURSE

The morning class had been duly instructed and enlightened upon the subject of our national independence. Feeling sure she had made a real and lasting impression with her explanations and blackboard illustrations the young teacher began with the usual round of questions:

"Now, Sammy Smith, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Sammy, with a shout of glee: "At de bottom, ma'am—that's what you said!"

HER IDEA OF REMEMBRANCE

Two negroes were talking about a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which funeral there had been a profusion of floral tributes. Said the cook: "Dat's all very well, Mandy; but when I dies I don't want no flowers on my grave. Jes' plant a good old watermelon-vine; an' when she gits ripe you come dar, an' don't you eat it, but jes' bus' it on de grave, an' let de good old juice dribble down thro' de ground!"

PLUMBERS AS AGREEABLE MEN

By Charles Dudley Warner

Speaking of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know; and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. In the dryest summer days my garden fountain became disabled; the pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it—talk by the hour. The work dragged a little—as it is apt to do by the hour. Sometimes they would find, upon arrival, that they had forgotten some indispensable tool, and one would go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it, and his companion would await his return with the most exemplary patience, and sit down and talk—always by the hour. I do

not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to me very good workmen, and always willing to stop and talk about the job, or anything else, when I went near them. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of life: it is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety and little work. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. I never heard a plumber swear or exhibit the least impatience at any small vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!

DID HE WIN HER?

Conversation lagged for a moment, according to a Life story; then, as he sipped his tea, he remarked quietly, but with a meaning emphasis, "You are to be married."

"Mercy me! To whom?" was the startled reply.

"To me; I came today on purpose to tell you."

GOT OUT OF THAT, ALL RIGHT

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "do you realize that you have forgotten that this is my birthday?"

"Yes, dearie, I did forget it," replied the husband. "Isn't it natural that I should? There isn't really anything about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."

HIS HEARTBREAKING TASK

"Darling," said the bride, "I had a terrible feeling of sadness come over me this afternoon—a sort of feeling that you were doing something that would break my heart if I knew of it. Think, sweet, what were you doing, now, this afternoon at four o'clock?"

"Dearest," replied the husband tenderly and reassuringly, "at that hour I was licking stamps and pasting them on envelopes."

ACCOMMODATING MAN

One day, after the brakeman had been pointing out the window and explaining the scenery, says the Denver News, one of the passengers whispered to the conductor: "Conductor, can you tell me how that brakeman lost his finger? He seems to be a very nice fellow. It seems a pity he should be crippled."

"That's just it, ma'am. He is a good fellow. He is so obliging that he just wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."

ONE OF THOSE EDITORIAL JOKES

Edward Bok, editor of The Ladies' Home Journal, although very much in earnest in his Chosen Work, has a vein of dry wit, according to The Atchison, Kansas, Globe. A woman lately wrote him, and said she had lost three husbands and had an offer of a fourth. "Shall I accept him?" she asked, whereupon Mr. Bok replied: "If you have lost three husbands, I should say you are too careless to be intrusted with a fourth."

HOW HE KNEW

When Conan Doyle arrived for the first time in Boston he was instantly recognized by the cabman whose vehicle he had engaged. When the great literary man offered to pay his fare the cabman said quite respectfully:

"If you please, sir, I should much prefer a ticket to your lecture. If you have none with you a visiting-card penciled by yourself would do."

Conan Doyle laughed.

"Tell me," he said, "how did you know who I was, and I will give you tickets for your whole family."

"Thank you, sir," was the reply. "Why, we all knew—that is, all the members of the Cabmen's Literary Guild knew—that you were coming by this train. I happen to be the only member on duty at the station this morning. If you will excuse personal remarks your coat lapels are badly twisted downward where they have been grasped by the pertinacious New York reporters. Your hair has the Quakerish cut of a Philadelphia barber, and your hat, battered at the brim in front, shows where you have tightly grasped it in the struggle to stand your ground at a Chicago literary luncheon. Your right overshoe has a large block of Buffalo mud just under the instep, the odor of a Utica cigar hangs about your clothing, and the overcoat itself shows the slovenly brushing of the porters of the through sleepers from Albany, and stenciled upon the very end of the 'Wellington' in fairly plain lettering is your name, 'Conan Doyle.'"

THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM

In Germany all marriages have to be contracted before a registrar previous to the ceremony in church, which is optional. The law requires public notice to be given of the match, and this notice is generally exhibited in a box, hung up at the town hall or other municipal building. The following official announcement appeared lately in a small town: "From today there is fixed at the town hall the new box, in which all those who intend to enter the married state will be hung."

AND TOMMY DID

"And now," said the teacher, "I want Tommy to tell the school who was most concerned when Absalom got hung by the hair?"

Tommy—"Abs'lom."

YES, IT WAS TRUE

"Is it true that you threw something at Mike that caused the swelling over his eye?" the Squire inquired of a little wiry Irishwoman who appeared one day, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Yis, sor, I did!" said the woman, catching her breath, "but I niver mint to hurt him, an' well he knows it! We'd just come home from me cousin's weddin', an' I was feelin' kinder soft to Mike, an' I up an' axed him if he loved me as much as he did the day we was married; an'—an'—yer anner, he was so slow answerin' me that I up wid the mop an' flung it at him! If we poor women don't have love our hearts jist breaks inside uv us!"

BETTER THAN ALL THE REST

Three little boys were boasting about their belongings and their parents. "Well," said the first boy, "my father is going to build a house with a steeple on it."

"Oh, that's nothing," exclaimed the second little boy scornfully. "My father is going to build a house with a flagpole on it."

The third boy, who had been listening quietly, threw his head high in the air, "Gee, that's nothing. My father's going to build a house with a mortgage on it."

A LESSON IN IT

"The trouble with you ladies of the W. C. T. U. is," said a man to a member of that organization, "that instead of opposing the christening of a vessel with champagne, you ought to encourage it and draw from it a great temperance lesson."

"Why, how can we?" asked the "white ribboner."

"Well," was the reply, "after the first taste of wine the ship takes to water and sticks to it ever after."

AN INSPIRING MODEL

Little Johnnie, having in his possession a couple of bantam hens, which laid very small eggs, suddenly hit on a plan. Going the next morning to the fowl-run, Johnnie's father was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, and above it a card, with the words:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."

WARDING OFF A CATASTROPHE

A fat woman entered a crowded street car and, seizing a strap, stood directly in front of a man seated in the corner. As the car started she lunged against his newspaper and at the same time trod heavily on his toes.

As soon as he could extricate himself he rose and offered her his seat.

"You are very kind, sir," she said, panting for breath.

"Not at all, madam," he replied; "it's not kindness; it's simply self-defense."

IT WAS HIS PRIVILEGE

As an express train was going through a station one of the passengers leaned too far out of the window, overbalanced and fell out. He fortunately landed on a sand heap, so that he did himself no great injury, but, with torn clothes and not a few bruises, said to a porter who was standing by:

"What shall I do?"

"You're all right, mister," said the porter. "Your ticket allows you to stop off."

A NEW NAME FOR THEM

One rainy afternoon Aunt Sue was explaining the meaning of various words to her young nephew. "Now, an heirloom, my dear, means something that has been handed down from father to son," she said.

"Well," replied the boy thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."

THE ONE THING WANTED

After waiting the usual five or ten minutes the new arrival was served with the first dinner course of soup. Hesitating a moment as he glanced at his plate, the guest said to the waiter:

"I can't eat this soup."

"I'll bring you another kind, sir," said the waiter as he took it away.

"Neither can I eat this soup!" said the guest a trifle more emphatically, when the second plate was served.

The waiter, angrily but silently, for the third time brought a plate of soup.

"I simply can't eat this soup!" once more said the guest, in a low, emphatic tone.

By this time the waiter was furious and called the hotel proprietor, while the guests at the near-by table looked over that way with curious glances.

"Really, sir, this is unusual. May I ask why can't you eat any of our soups?" demanded the proprietor.

"Because I have no spoon," replied the guest quietly.

NEW USE FOR AN APPLE

The tailor's sign in a little inland town was an apple, simply an apple. The people were amazed at it. They came in crowds to the tailor asking him what on earth the meaning of the sign was.

The tailor with a complacent smile replied:

"If it hadn't been for an apple where would the clothing business be today?"

GAVE HER EVERY CHANCE

The clerk was most obliging, but the young woman customer was hard to please. Roll after roll of blankets did he patiently take down and show to her; nothing suited.

For some fifteen minutes this mock sale went on, then the young woman said condescendingly, "Well, I don't intend to buy. I was just looking for a friend."

"Wait a moment, please," cried the clerk. "There is one more blanket left on the shelf. Maybe you will find your friend in it."

NEW KIND OF BAIT

After weeks of waiting and longing for the sport, rods, reels, gaff, creel—everything was in readiness for a week's trout fishing.

The young wife, smiling joyously, hurried into the room, extending toward her husband some sticky, speckled papers.

"For Goodness' sake," he exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing with those old fly-papers?"

"I saved them for you from last summer, dear," she answered. "You know you said you always had to buy flies when you went fishing."

A HOME-THRUST

"The sun never sets on England's possessions," said an Englishman proudly.

"No," replied the Irishman, "the good Lord is afraid to trust her in the dark."

CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE

A clergyman has had in his employ for so long a time a colored man named Julian that the latter has come to regard himself as something of a confidential adviser to the divine.

Early one Sunday morning the pastor awoke feeling decidedly ill. After a futile attempt at breakfast, he summoned his old and faithful servitor, saying:

"Julian, I want you to go to my assistant, and tell him that, as I am unwell, he will officiate for me in this morning's service."

At this Julian demurred, and, after some argument, persuaded his master that he would feel better if he officiated as usual. This the latter did, and, as predicted by the servant, he did return home feeling much better.

"Youse better, sah?" asked the man, meeting his master at the door.

"Very much better, thank you, Julian."

The servant grinned. "What did I tell you, sah? I knowed you'd be all right jest as soon as you got that sermon outer your system."

CHEER UP, EVERYBODY

The visiting missionary at an almshouse stopped for a moment to speak to a very old lady and inquire after her health and welfare. "Thank you, sir," replied the old lady. "Yes, indeed, I've a great deal to be thankful for. I've two teeth left and they're opposite each other."

HE WANTED PROOF

A Scotchman went to London for a holiday. Walking along one of the streets he noticed a bald-headed chemist standing at his shop door, and inquired if he had any hair restorer.

"Yes, sir," said the chemist; "step inside, please. There's an article I can highly recommend. Testimonials from great men who have used it. It makes the hair grow in twenty-four hours."

"Aweel," said the Scot, "ye can gie the top o' your heid a bit rub wi't, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth."

AN INSPIRING TELEGRAM

On the first day that a young man began his duties as reporter on a popular paper a report came from a nearby town that there was a terrible fire raging. The editor of the paper immediately sent the new reporter to the place, and, upon arriving there, he found that the firemen were unable to get control of the fire, so he sent this telegram to the editor: "Fire still raging. What shall I do?" The editor thought a minute, and then sent back this message: "Find out where the fire is the hottest and jump in."

IT LOOKED THAT WAY

"Is Mike Clancy here?" asked the visitor at the quarry, just after the premature explosion.

"No, sor," replied Costigan; "he's gone."

"For good?"

"Well, sor, he wint in that direction."

CHARLIE REMEMBERED

A young married woman of social prominence and respectability was to unite with the church in her home town and desired the ordinance of baptism by immersion, preferring the primitive custom of going to the river. Among the number that gathered to witness the baptism was a little boy friend, Charlie, about four years old. The proceedings were entirely new to the child, and he looked on with strange curiosity as the candidate was led into the water. The spring freshets had made the river somewhat turbulent, and it was with difficulty that the minister maintained his footing. During the following week the young woman called at the home of this family, and after the usual greetings said to the little boy as she extended her hand: "Come here, Charlie, and see me. You don't know who I am, do you?" she continued. "Yes, indeed I do," said the boy. "You's that woman what went in swimmin' with the minister on Sunday."

THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE'S LATEST

In the cook's absence the young mistress of the house undertook, with the help of a green waitress, to get the Sunday luncheon. The flurried maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee machine that refused to work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Eliza. Go on with the coffee, and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do you keep the soap?"

THE WOMAN OF IT

A charming young woman went into the office of one of the best-known publishing houses in New York to explain with enthusiasm her plan for a book of travel. The idea was approved and the lady was told that if the book was equal to the conception it would be accepted. She went abroad for a summer to live the travel experiences of which she was to write, and in due time the manuscript was submitted. It was rather crude, yet there was a note of freshness about it—evidence of an original point of view—which made the publishers hesitate to "turn it down." So they wrote the author an encouraging letter, criticising her lack of style, suggesting lines of revision, and offered to reconsider it in its revised form.

The author was optimistic and found it easy to believe what she wanted to believe. She told her friends that her book was practically accepted. Then came word that the revised manuscript fell far short of expectations, and it was politely declined.

Two weeks later the author appeared at the publishers' office and tearfully explained that she had told her friends that her story was to be issued, and that she never could bear the humiliation of confessing that it had, after all, been rejected. Her tale of woe was listened to sympathetically by the young man whose business it is to stand between the head of the firm and the host of people who wish to see him personally. He explained gently that they could not reconsider their decision. Upon this the lady burst

into silent but visible weeping and the young man fled. Ten minutes passed and the disappointed author continued to sit disconsolately in a corner of the reception room, still dissolved in tears. The young man was perplexed. He sought the head of the firm and laid the case before him; that gentleman went to the unhappy lady and endeavored to show her that she had been treated fairly in the matter. There was no articulate reply to his reasoning—only more tears. He continued gently talking, but the writer was not to be consoled.

Suddenly she stopped crying. "At last she sees my point of view," thought the publisher with a sigh of relief, and as he waited for her next words she turned her charming, tear-stained face once again upon the august head of this great company. "Excuse me, sir," she said with a fresh sob, "but will you loan me your handkerchief; mine's all damp!"

The house brought out the book.

HE BEGAN TO FEEL HOMESICK

A tourist returning from an extended trip was about to cross the last river on the way to the railroad station for home.

"Say, Cap'n," he said as he stepped timidly into the rickety old craft, "this boat seems very shaky; was anybody ever lost in her?"

"Not ter my knowledge," replied the boatman. "There was three men drownded from her last Thursday, but we found them all next high tide, the day after."

NO NEW HAT FOR HER

The young wife watched her husband carefully fold a piece of paper and put it in the farther corner of a drawer in the library table, and the fact that he seemed ill at ease aroused her curiosity.

"What's that, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, trying hard not to smile.

Still she wondered what it was, and reasoned with herself that as he had said it was nothing of importance she would look at it, and she did, at the first opportunity. This is what she found scribbled on the piece of paper:

"I'll bet you a new spring hat your curiosity will not permit you to leave this alone."

How could she claim the new hat without giving herself away?

THEY FORGAVE HIM

A well-known Chicago clergyman, who is a widower and the father of two charming daughters, is also something of a wag. During his vacation last summer he sent the following telegram to his daughters: "Have just married a widow with six children. Will be home tomorrow." The next day he arrived alone and found his daughters in tears.

"W-where is Mrs. ——, the w-widow?" they sobbed in unison.

"Oh, she's fine, my dears," he replied, a merry twinkle in his eye. "There, there, don't cry. You see, I couldn't help it—ah—well—I married her to another man."

ASKED TO BE EXCUSED

A negro, a new assistant on a farm, was asked to hold a cow while the farmer, a cross-eyed man, was to hit her on the head with an axe. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired:

"Is you gwine to hit whar you look, boss?"

"Ya-as," replied the farmer.

"Den hold de cow yourself, sah!"

AND THAT SETTLED IT

On a certain occasion a prominent college professor, well known for his nicety of language, bought for three dollars a pair of trousers that had been marked at six dollars, and had them charged. The first of the month a bill came in:

"To one pr. pants, three dollars."

The professor crossed off the "pants," and substituted "trousers," then remailed the bill. The first of the next month another bill came in:

"To one pr. pants, three dollars."

This time the bill was returned as before, but with the following legend:

"Dear Sir: I am always careful about the language I use, and like other people to be the same."

The first of the third month the professor received another bill:

"To one pr. pants, three dollars."

This time the professor went in person to visit the tailor and explained his position.

The clothes dealer looked at him a moment, and then replied: "Sir, I've been in the clothing business

for twenty-five years. And during them twenty-five years everything in my shop above five dollars has been trousers, and everything below five dollars has been pants. It's pants you got, and begad, it's pants you'll pay for."

IF YOU HAVE A MOLE

Here are some of the prognostications that mole-wearers may draw from their brown ornaments:

A mole on the right side of a man's forehead denotes wonderful luck; on the right side of a woman's forehead, gifts from the dead.

On the left side of a man's forehead a mole denotes a long term in prison; on the left side of a woman's forehead, two husbands and a life of exile.

A man with a mole in the middle of his forehead has a cruel mind; a woman with such a mole is foolish and envious.

A mole on the neck in man or woman promises a long and happy life, wealth and fame.

A man with a mole on the left side of the upper lip rarely marries, and such a mole in the case of a woman denotes suffering.

On the right side of the upper lip a mole promises great good fortune to both sexes.

ON THE SAFE SIDE

A kind old gentleman seeing a small boy who was carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm said: "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"

"Naw, I don't read 'em," replied the lad.

GETTING HIS TROUSSEAU READY

The kindly Squire of the neighborhood was just leaving from a friendly social visit to Mrs. Maguire.

"And your son, Mrs. Maguire?" said the Squire, as he reached for his hat. "I hope he is well. Busy, I suppose, getting ready for his wedding tonight?"

"Well, not very busy this minit, Squire," answered the beaming mother. "He's upstairs in bed while I'm washing out his trousseau."

STILL HE WONDERED

One of the physicians at a popular winter health resort was looking over his books one day, comparing his list of patients. "I had a great many more patients last year than I have this," he remarked to his wife. "I wonder where they have all gone to?"

"Well, never mind, dear," she replied. "You know all we can do is to hope for the best."

SHE KNEW HIM

The last chicken had gone to roost, all was still in the barn and yard. The evening lamp was burning, none too brightly, on the center table in the sitting room of the old farmhouse.

Looking up from his magazine the farmer said vehemently to his wife one night:

"Do you know what I'd have done if I had been Napoleon?"

"Yes," she answered. "You'd have settled down in Corsica and spent your life grumbling about bad luck and hard times."

WHAT BECAME OF MARY

Little Mary started to school, slate and pencil in hand. By-and-by she stopped the use of the slate, and the "tablet" was substituted. She also dropped the "r" and "May" was her new name. High School days increased her knowledge and also her name—it appeared "Mayme." College days were crowded full and the little notes reached home signed "Mae." College days have passed and gone and in a home of her own they call her "Ma."

DURING HIS HONEYMOON

"The most absent-minded man in the world occupied my chair this morning," said a barber to a newcomer. "He came in and sat down near the door to wait his turn. I yelled 'Next' at him two or three times when my chair was vacant, but he was dreaming and didn't hear me. Finally I touched him on the shoulder and told him I was ready for him.

"'What do you want me to do?' he asked.

"'Why, get in the chair if you want anything,' I replied. 'This is a barber shop.'

"'Oh, yes,' he said, and then he got into the chair. He leaned back, so I let the chair down and shaved him. He didn't have a word to say. When I finished him up he got out of the chair and took the check over to the cashier. He paid and started out. When half way through the door he stopped.

"'Say,' he said to me, 'what did you do to me?'

"'I shaved you,' I said.

"'Darn the luck,' he replied, 'I wanted a haircut.'"

THAT WAS ENOUGH

A young Frenchman in the Sophomore class of an American college was invited to a musical entertainment given by his classmates, where there were sung, in honor of the foreigner, a number of French songs, and they were given in the best American-French.

"I say, old man," observed one of the Sophomores, after the entertainment, "I suppose those French songs made you feel a little homesick, eh?"

"No," responded the Frenchman; "only sick."

STILL HOPEFUL

"Well, Jimmy," said his employer, "I don't see how you are going to get out to any ball games this season; your grandmother died four times last summer."

"Oh, yes, I can, sir," answered Jimmy. "Grandpapa has married again, although it was very much against the wishes of the family."

EASY ENOUGH

Some visitors who were being shown over a pauper lunatic asylum, says "Harper's Weekly," inquired of their guide what method was employed to discover when the inmates were sufficiently recovered to leave.

"Well," replied he, "you see, it's this way. We have a big trough of water, and we turns on the tap. We leave it running, and tells 'em to bail out the water with pails until they've emptied the trough."

"How does that prove it?" asked one of the visitors.

"Well," said the guide, "them as ain't idiots turns off the tap."

PROVED IT WAS LOGICAL

A lawyer was defending a man accused of housebreaking, and said to the court:

"Your Honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense committed by only one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

The defendant smiled, and with his lawyer's assistance unscrewed his cork arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked out.

COULDN'T GO THE BUG

An Irishman had just "come over" and, being hungry, went to one of the swellest hotels in New York. When the waiter appeared to take his order he said: "Bring me the best you have."

After being gone a few minutes the waiter returned with a glass of water, a bunch of celery and a lobster.

When about time to check him up the waiter returned to the customer, asking why he had not eaten his meal.

"Well," replied the man, "I drank the water and smelled of the bouquet, but I'll be durned if I could go the bug."

TOO LATE TO CHANGE

"I hear you have a little sister at your house," said a Chicago grocer to a small boy.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Do you like that?" was queried.

"I wish it was a boy," said Johnny, "so I could play marbles with him, an' baseball."

"Well," said the storekeeper, "why don't you exchange your little sister for a boy?"

Johnny reflected for a minute, then he said rather sorrowfully: "We can't now. It's too late. We've used her four days."

DANGERS OF CHICKEN-RAISING

An elderly man and a young man were sitting on the veranda conversing, according to Harper's Magazine.

"Yes," said the young man, "I am going into chicken farming. I am convinced that there is no business in the world in which there is more money to be made. I have figured on it, and think I know what I can do. Why, look at the way they increase. In four or five years I——"

"My friend," said the old man, "I have had experience in the business. Be warned; do not embark in it. You know not what you do."

"What!" said the young man; "have you tried it and failed?"

"I mean to tell you that I tried it and gave it up," answered the other. "I got ten hens, intending to get rich, as you purpose doing. I installed them in a

coop and awaited returns. But before they had laid an egg I happened to pick up a pencil and a bit of paper and do some calculating. At a low estimate I saw that each of my hens could raise three broods the first summer. Allowing for one bad egg in each setting, there would be twelve chicks to each brood. Calling half of them pullets this would give six to each brood, or 18 to each hen for the season, or 180 for the entire flock. Adding my original ten I would have 190 hens at the end of the first summer. Figuring at the same ratio I saw that I would have 3,610 at the end of the second summer. I was encouraged, and went on to find that I would have 68,590 when the third summer closed. I sharpened my pencil and bent over my paper with feverish interest. The fourth summer, I discovered, would leave me with 1,303,210 likely hens. When the autumn leaves of the fifth dying summer should swirl about me I would have 24,760,990 cacklers. Another year of joys and sorrows —my sixth—would find me surrounded by 470,458,810 live and enterprising hens. Once again, when the seventh summer should fade into glorious autumn, I found that a matter of 8,938,717,390 distinct hens and a rooster or two would be with me in the gallinaceous flesh. The inspiring figures for the eighth year I have forgotten, as, likewise, I have those of the ninth. I only know that at the end of ten years I would have more prime hens than there was space for on the surface of the globe, counting the Arctic regions, and supposing roosts across all rivers and

twenty fowls in each tree. I was dumfounded. But I did not hesitate. I saw what I owed to the human race. I seized an axe and hurried to the coop. My boy, I loved those hens, but I loved humanity more; and I led them to the block like a Spartan, and chopped off their heads. I breathed more freely when it was all over, and the horrible vision was gone of the whole earth four feet deep in hens, and every blessed one of them cackling. Young man, do not go into the chicken business; it leads to awful things."

HE SPOKE THE TRUTH

The car had stopped at a crowded corner and the conductor had just raised his arm to pull the bell for starting when the occupants of the car were startled to hear a voice in the rear say: "Wait, conductor, until I get my clothes on."

Everybody looked surprised and necks were craned in all directions to see who made this unusual remark. What really happened was a small boy trying to get a large basket of laundry on to the car.

WHY WE WOULD LIKE IT

The little son of the minister, at Sunday dinner, said at the family table:

"Father, I wish I could be 'a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord,' as you said this morning."

"Indeed," said the minister-father, with a pleased look across the table at his wife.

"Yes," said the boy, "for then I wouldn't have to listen to the sermon."

MUTUAL APPLICATION

Mr. Wood, a man very fond of playing jokes, met his friend, Mr. Stone, and at once inquired jocosely:

"Hello, Stone, how are Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Fine," said Mr. Stone, "all well, thank you," and then with a twinkle in his eye: "How are Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

REALLY, A SIMPLE METHOD

In a small suburban town two very young girls were discussing the subject of housework at home.

"Does your mother keep a girl?" asked the first one, whose mother had at the time one half-grown girl.

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied the second one. "Mother keeps two girls, one coming and the other going."

OPTIMISTIC BROWN

Brown's cheerfulness was a source of wonder and admiration to his friends. Either his religion or his philosophy taught him to accept everything as a wise dispensation. But then he had a large share of worldly goods, his friends argued, and nothing but adversity would shake his faith.

Therefore when a promising crop was washed away by a flood the neighbors were much astonished to hear him say: "It's all for the best. I was blessed with an over-abundance last year."

In the winter his house burned to the ground. To his neighbors' solicitations he calmly responded: "The

house never suited us anyway, so it is all for the best."

Other calamities befell Brown, but still he refused to be disheartened.

The climax came when he was in a railroad accident. Both feet were so badly crushed that amputation was necessary.

Sympathetic friends gathered from all quarters. They dreaded to hear the lamentations they were sure would greet them, for even Brown could hardly be expected to pass this lightly by.

"Guess you are pretty well discouraged, aren't you, with both feet cut off?" ventured some one. "Do you think this is all for the best?"

But Brown nodded his head, smiling wanly, and said:

"They were always cold, anyway!"

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

A new kind of Christmas nervous prostration was given by an old colored man who lately called at a physician's office.

"You say that your wife is very sick with nervous prostration?" asked the physician.

"'Deed she is!" was the emphatic reply. "She's been mighty bad fo' some time, sah."

"Has she been working too hard?"

"No, sah, not dat. Yo' see we had a fine tu'key Christmas, a noble, big bird it was, sah, en my wife she done et nearly de whole bird; then she et a whole minch pie, en two pounds of candy aftahward, sah, en her narvous system ain't been right since, sah."

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

A boy, who was asked to write out what he considered an ideal Christmas dinner menu, turned out the following:

First Corse
Mince Pie
Second Corse
Pumpkin Pie and Turkey
Third Corse
Lemon Pie, Turkey and Cranberries
Fourth Corse
Custard Pie, Apple Pie, Chocolate Cake and Plum Pudding
Dessert
Pie

COULDN'T TELL WHICH

Jones had come home later than usual and had ready a good explanation, but his wife gave him no chance, and immediately began to tell him what she thought of him. He endured it patiently all evening, quietly read his paper and went to bed. His wife was still talking.

When he was almost asleep he could hear her still scolding him unmercifully. He dropped off to sleep and awoke after a couple of hours, only to hear his wife remark:

"I hope all the women don't have to put up with such conduct as this."

"Annie," said Jones, "are you talking again or yet?"

AN EARLY BEGINNING

Mrs. Ananias—What kind of a man do you expect to make, if you continue to tell stories?

Willy Ananias—Oh, a second Chauncey Depew, perhaps!

TOASTS FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER

Here's to us that are here, to you that are there, and the rest of us everywhere.

The good die young—Here's hoping that you may live to a ripe old age.

May we have those in our arms that we love in our hearts.

Here's a toast to the host who carved the roast;
And a toast to the hostess—may she never "roast" us.

Here's to a kiss:
Give me a kiss, and to that kiss add a score,
Then to that twenty add a hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred, and so kiss on,
To make that thousand quite a million,
Treble that million, and when that is done
Let's kiss afresh as though we'd just begun.

To Our National Birds—the Eagle and the Turkey—(while the host is carving):
May one give us peace in all our States,
And the other a piece for all our plates.

Here's to love, the only fire against which there is no insurance.

Here's to those that I love;
Here's to those who love me;
Here's to those who love those that I love,
Here's to those who love those who love me.

Here's to the happiest hours of my life—
Spent in the arms of another man's wife:
My mother!

NOT AN IDEA LEFT

A good theatrical story was told by Jerome K. Jerome at the O. P. Club dinner to dramatic authors.

"I spoke to an eminent producer not long ago," he said, "about a play a young friend of mine had sent to him. He remembered it.

"Ah, yes," he said. "Not at all bad. There's an idea in it."

Later on it was produced, and after the show I went behind.

"Well," said the eminent producer. "What do you think of it?"

"Oh, all right!" I said. "It seems all correct. But what about that idea?"

He didn't seem to understand.

"The idea," I reminded him; "you said there was an idea in it."

He remembered then. "Ah, yes," he said. "Yes. We had to cut that out."

THE PRAYER OF CYRUS BROWN

"The proper way for a man to pray,"
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
"And the only proper attitude,
Is down upon his knees."

"No, I should say the way to pray,"
Said Reverend Doctor Wise,
"Is standing straight, with outstretched arms,
And rapt and upturned eyes."

"Oh, no; no, no," said Elder Slow,
"Such posture is too proud:
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,"
Said Reverend Doctor Blunt.

"Las' year I fell in Hodgkins's well
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-p'inting down;

"An' I made a prayer right then an' there—
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head."

—Sam Walter Foss.

NAUTICAL NAUGHTINESS

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tones:

"Let go the sheet."

No response.

Then again:

"Let go that sheet, quick."

Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:

"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIM

On a west-bound train scheduled for a long trip a very large, muscular man fell asleep and annoyed all the passengers by snoring tremendously. Reading, conversation or quiet rest was an impossibility. Finally a drummer, carrying half a lemon in his hand, tiptoed over to a little boy who sat behind the snorer.

"Son," said the drummer impressively, "I am a doctor, and if that man doesn't stop snoring he'll die of apoplexy. Watch your chance and as soon as his mouth opens a little wider, lean over and squeeze this lemon into it."

HER CHANCES WERE GOOD

A woman was recently reading to her little boy the story of a young lad whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to support himself and his mother. When she had finished the story she said:

"Dear Billy, if your papa were to die, would you work to support your dear mamma?"

"Naw," said Billy unexpectedly.

"But why not?"

"Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Yes, dearie, but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Ain't there a lot of stuff in the pantry?"

"Yes, but that won't last forever."

"It'll last until you get another husband, won't it? You're a pretty good looker, ma."

Mamma gave up right there.

HOW THE SCHEME WORKED

The proprietor of a large business house bought a number of signs reading, "Do it Now," and had them hung around the office, hoping to inspire his people with promptness and energy in their work. In his private office one day soon afterward a friend asked him how the scheme affected the staff. "Well, not just the way I thought it would," answered the proprietor. "The cashier skipped with thirty thousand dollars, the head bookkeeper eloped with the private secretary, three clerks asked for an increase of salary, and the office-boy lit out to become a highwayman."

A RIDDLE TO WILLIE

I asked my Pa a simple thing:
"Where holes in doughnuts go?"
Pa read his paper, then he said:
"Oh you're too young to know."

I asked my Ma about the wind:
"Why can't you see it blow?"
Ma thought a moment, then she said:
"Oh, you're too young to know."

Now, why on earth do you suppose
They went and licked me so?
Ma asked: "Where is that jam?" I said:
"Oh, you're too young to know."

NO MAGNIFYING DESIRED

A little Scotch boy's grandmother was packing his luncheon for him to take to school one morning. Suddenly looking up in the old lady's face, he said:

"Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?"

"A little, my child," she answered.

"Awell, then," said the boy, "I wad juist like it if ye wad tak' them aff when ye're packin' my loonch."

AND THIS IN BOSTON!

A man who has just returned from Boston is chortling over a good joke on that correct and literary city. He says that in the reading room of one of the most exclusive clubs in the Hub there is a sign that reads:

ONLY LOW CONVERSATION PERMITTED HERE

A MATTER OF CHOICE

A metropolitan matron once ventured to interrogate James Lane Allen as to the *raison d'être* of his state of celibacy.

"Are you a bachelor from choice?" she queried.

"Yes," came the answer with disconcerting promptness from the famous author.

"But isn't that—er—rather ungracious and ungallant?" protested the fair inquisitor.

The novelist smiled.

"You must ask the ladies," he suggested gently; "it was *their* choice, not mine."

PATRICK OF THE LEFT HAND

Pat, who was left-handed, was being sworn in as a witness in the West Side Court of Denver, Colo.

"Hold up your right hand," said the judge.

Up went Pat's left hand.

"Hold up your *right* hand," commanded the judge sternly.

"Sure and I am, yer honor," declared Pat. "Me right hand's on me left-hand side."

OFF COLOR

Lipsley—You know those cigars Miss Beacon sent me for Christmas?

Lapsley—Yes.

Lipsley—Well, I gave a lot to my friends, and now I haven't any left.

Lapsley—What, cigars?

Lipsley—No, friends.

HE SAW THEM

Two officers were sent to arrest a Quaker; his wife met them at the door and said, "Walk in, gentlemen; my husband will see thee."

After waiting some time they got impatient and called the woman, saying, "You said we should see your husband presently."

"No, friend," she replied; "I said he would see thee—he did see thee, did not like thy looks, and went out by the back door."

NO QUESTION

An old Scotchman was threatened with blindness if he did not give up drinking.

"Now, McTavish," said the doctor, "it's like this: You've either to stop the whisky or lose your eyesight —and you must choose."

"Ah, weel, doctor," said McTavish, "I'm an auld man noo, an' I was thinkin' I ha'e seen aboot everything worth seein'."

NEARER PERFECTION

"I wish I were nearer perfection," I said,
As I sat on the sofa with her;
The lamp threw a halo of gold o'er her head,
Her breath was like orris and myrrh.

"That's easy," she said, with a smile in her eyes,
A trick she had gathered from Venus;
And then, with a laugh and fluttering sigh,
She cast out the pillow between us.

SIMPLIFIED

Boston Five-Year-Old—Father, what is the exact meaning of the verse beginning: "Jack Sprat could eat no fat?"

Father—In simple terms it is as follows: Jack Sprat could assimilate no adipose tissue. His wife, on the other hand, possessed an aversion for the more muscular portions of epithelium. And so between them both you see, they removed all the foreign substances from the surface of that utilitarian utensil, commonly called platter. Does that make it clear, son?

Boston Five-Year-Old—Perfectly, Father. The lack of lucidity in these Mother Goose Rhymes is amazingly apparent!

NO INTRODUCTION

At a country picnic a good-natured chap spoke rashly to a young lady without the formality of an introduction. There was occasion for it, for he happened to see a great, fat caterpillar crawling on her lace collar and, jumping toward her, he said, "Madam, permit me to—" But the young lady waved him off with an imperious gesture and said: "How dare you speak to me without an introduction? You are certainly no gentleman, sir!" Here the caterpillar over-balanced itself and fell down her neck. "Ouch! Oh! Help! Take it off, somebody!" screamed the fair one. The man was the only somebody around just then, and he said: "Couldn't think of it, madam. I haven't been introduced to the caterpillar."

EASING HIS CONSCIENCE

The Rev. Mr. Goodman (inspecting himself in mirror): "Caroline, I don't really believe I ought to wear this wig. It looks like living a lie."

"Bless your heart, Avery," said his better half, "don't let that trouble you. That wig will never fool anybody for one moment."

NO NEED FOR A COMB

Teacher—Why didn't you comb your hair before you came to school?

Tommy—I ain't got no comb.

Teacher—Borrow your father's.

Tommy—Father ain't got none, either.

Teacher—Absurd! Doesn't he comb his hair?

Tommy—He ain't got no hair.

NOVELISTS, ATTENTION!

In a certain school in New York City, the English teacher offered a prize for the best story to be written by a class of little girls. The children, who were just reaching the romantic age, begged to be allowed to have it a "Love Story Competition." With amusement the teacher agreed, and the result was astonishing in many ways, also enlightening. Professional writers have sweat great drops of agony and rambled through three hundred and fifty pages trying to tell the story of woman's victory over man, which one little girl accomplished in a dozen words:

"She talked until he thought she was good. Then they were married."

THE WAY THE STAIRS RUN

A lawyer was cross-examining an old German about the position of the doors, windows, and so forth, in a house in which a certain transaction occurred.

"And now my good man," said the lawyer, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in the house?"

The German looked dazed and unsettled for a moment.

"How do the stairs run?" he queried.

"Yes, how do the stairs run?"

"Vell," continued the witness, after a moment's thought, "ven I am oopstairs dey run down, and ven I am downstairs dey run oop."

NOT ANXIOUS FOR THE TRUTH

"George," said the wife to her generally unappreciative husband, "how do you like my new hat?"

"Well, my dear," said George, with great candor, "to tell you the truth—"

"Stop right there, George! If you're going to talk that way about it I don't want to know."

SHE WAS FORGIVEN

Young Husband—Why, my dear; this pudding is burnt black. How did that happen?

Young Wife—I'm sure I don't know. I looked at it just before you came home and it was all right.

Young Husband—But I've been home two hours.

Young Wife—Dear me! I thought it was only a few minutes.

HOW HE PAID HIS LAWYER

A young lawyer, whose cases were few, was asked to defend a poverty-stricken tramp accused of stealing a watch. The lawyer pleaded with all the ardor at his command, drawing so pathetic a picture with such convincing energy that at the close of his argument the court was in tears, and even the tramp wept. The jury deliberated but a few minutes, and returned the verdict "Not guilty." Then the tramp drew himself up, tears streaming down his face as he said: "Sir, I have never heard so grand a plea. I have not cried before since I was a child. I have no money with which to reward you, but" (drawing a package from the depths of his ragged clothes) "here's that watch; take it and welcome."

THE ABSTEMIOUS LION

Stout Lady (watching the lions being fed)—'Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meat for sech a big animal.

Attendant (with show of politeness)—I s'pose it does seem like a little meat to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion.

BEAT THE HUNGER STRIKE

Mrs. Dorcas—I know those two women so well who started a hunger strike that I can't just believe they've given in.

Mrs. Ballot—It wasn't their blame, my dear. The prison authorities changed the regular fare to pickles and eclairs and you know no woman could resist that.

ANTICIPATING TROUBLE

Gov. Dunne was reminiscent. "When I was a boy in school," he said, "we always had a lecture every Friday afternoon. One Friday a geologist lectured about Niagara Falls, and told us that in the course of some 200,000 years they would have worn their way back to Erie and that town would be left high and dry. Suddenly the lecture was interrupted by one of the girls in the class, who began to sob hysterically.

"'Why, Edith,' cried the teacher, 'are you ill? What is the matter?'

"'Oh,' wailed the girl, 'my sister lives in Erie!'"

THEY SIMPLY FELL OUT

"What became of that young fellow who got a job as helper to an aviator?"

"He lost the job."

"Proved incompetent, eh?"

"Nope. He and his boss fell out over something."

POOR LITTLE CHAP!

A little boy from the slums had been taken out into the country for the first time. After a bit he was found sitting, all by himself, on a high bank, and gazing wistfully out over the hills.

The woman who had made the little excursion possible quietly seated herself at the youngster's side. To her the child turned a radiant face and asked:

"Say, it's dern pretty, ain't it? Is this all in the United States?"

JUDICIAL WARNING

Judge (to spinster)—Your name, please?

Witness—Cornelia Rentt.

Judge—Now your age—but first let me warn the public that if there is any outbreak of hilarity the court-room will be cleared.

A WORLD-WIDE MAGNET

An itinerant lecturer was holding forth in the district schoolhouse.

"This instrument," he explained with a dramatic flourish, as he displayed a large and somewhat powerful magnet, "will draw three pounds of iron from a distance of two feet." Then he added, "I challenge the whole world to produce another natural terrestrial object that has anything like a similar attractive power."

A man in a blouse and ragged straw hat, seated at the farther end of the room, laughingly arose and said that he could "skin that bit of iron all to rags." The lecturer blandly smiled. He was sure of his ground. The audience had their curiosity keyed to the highest pitch.

"When I was a young man," chuckled the old fellow, "a natural terrestrial object, wrapped in muslin and frills, drew me every Sunday over ten miles of plowed fields. Wind, rain or snow couldn't stop me. That same object, a little older now, could draw me twice the distance if need be—but it ain't so. She's keeping my supper warm this minute. Take your iron away, mister. 'Tain't in it with Betsy."

GOAT DIET

First Goat—You look angry, William.

Second Goat—I am. I ordered a lot of imported cans for dinner last night and they sent me American tinplate, instead.

THE STAR OF THE PLAY

A proud father was helping his children with a little parlor play at home in whose plot courtships and weddings played a leading part. During the progress of the play he went behind the scenes, where he found his youngest offspring sitting quietly in a corner.

"Why, Marie," asked he, "have you been left out of the play? Why aren't you on with the others?"

"I'm not left out," indignantly denied Marie. "I'm the baby waitin' to be born!"

A MATTER OF TIME

When James A. Garfield was President of Oberlin College, a man brought for entrance as a student his son, for whom he wished a shorter course than the regular one.

"The boy can never take all that in," said the father. "He wants to get through quicker. Can you arrange it for him?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Garfield. "He can take a short course; it all depends on what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years, but He takes only two months to make a squash."

JOHNNIE TELLS A FAIRY STORY

One day a big bear met Little Red Riding Hood as she was going through the forest, and was just about to eat her when she yelled so loud that a man came running up.

"Let that girl alone!" the man hollered.

"Pshaw, who are you?" asked the bear.

"I'm *Jonah!*" said the man.

"Well, I don't care if you are," the bear hollered. "You can't do nothing to me, even if you try."

"Can't I?" yelled Jonah. "If you don't let her go this instant, *I'll sic my whale on you!*"

And that bear never did stop running.

GOING 'ROUND!

A well-known Southern varnish and paint firm recently received the following letter:

"Gentlemen: Please send me a small can of your best striped paint. Red and white preferred. I only want enough for one barber pole."

A DEVOTIONAL TURN OF MIND

As the new minister of the village was on his way to evening service he met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to have become an active member of the church.

"Good evening, my young friend," he said solemnly, "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; regularly, every Sunday night," replied the young fellow with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."

COULD USE A SHOVEL

There was a sudden rush of work and the foreman was short of laborers.

Going out into the road he found a muscular-looking tramp loafing at the corner. Here was a possible recruit.

"My man," said he genially, "are you wanting work?"

"What sort of work?" asked the tramp cautiously.

"Well, can you do anything with a shovel?"

The tramp suddenly beamed at the speaker.

"I could fry a slice of bacon on it," he said eagerly.

THE FOREIGN VOTE

Citizen—These ignorant foreigners should not be allowed to vote.

Statesman—That's just what I was thinkin'. Half of 'em look so much alike I can't tell which ones I've given two dollar bills to, an' which ones I haven't.

PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE

A farmer, who was the father of twelve children, had rocked each one in the same cradle by the same great toe. He was rocking the newest arrival one evening when his wife remarked:

"John, that cradle is nearly worn out; it's so rickety I'm afraid it will fall to pieces."

"It's about used up," replied her husband. Then, handing her ten dollars, he added: "The next time you go to town get a new one, a good one, one that will last."

WHERE LOVE DOESN'T COUNT

They were crossing the channel and the ship was lurching and rolling as only in the channel a ship can roll or lurch.

She was horribly seasick; he was not. And many a honeymoon, no doubt, has begun like this.

Presently, in a comparatively tranquil minute, she turned toward him, and:

"Oh, Harry, Harry," she asked, "do you love me?"

"Love you, my darling?" he said. "You know I love you with all my heart and soul. Love you, indeed! I adore you, dearest!"

The ship gave another lurch and she was silent for a minute. Then:

"Oh, dear, dear, Harry," she groaned; "I thought that might help me a little, but it doesn't—not a bit!"

MISTAKEN FOR THE MILKMAN

A young man who had prolonged his call on his sweetheart a few nights ago was surprised when a window in an upper story was raised as he left the house and the voice of the mistress called:

"Leave an extra quart this morning, please!"

WRONG KIND OF A BABY

In a certain home where the stork recently visited there is a six-year-old son of inquiring mind. When he was first taken in to see the new arrival he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it hasn't any teeth! And no hair!" Then, clasping his hands in despair, he cried: "Somebody has done us! It's an old baby."

A NARROW ESCAPE

A prominent Mr. S———, when passing a well-known art store in Boston, saw in the window a handsome painting which he admired. Upon inquiry he learned it was to be sold at auction, and making a note of the hour the sale was to take place he thought he might be fortunate enough to secure it for sixty-five dollars. He had just the place for it in his dining-room.

On the day of the sale the would-be purchaser was a little late, and on his arrival the stentorian tones of the auctioneer's voice were heard saying:

"I am offered forty-five dollars. Who says fifty?"

Mr. S——— promptly responded, "Fifty."

An opponent of Mr. S——— bid fifty-five.

"Sixty," responded Mr. S———.

"Sixty-five," loudly, from Mr. G———.

Mr. S——— thought he could afford five dollars beyond the amount he had intended to pay for the picture, and bid seventy. Mr. G——— then bid seventy-five. The auctioneer, after several vain efforts to draw out a higher bid, finally exclaimed:

"Sold to Mr. G——— for $975."

It took Mr. S——— several minutes to recover from the shock, but he left the auction-room with a thankful smile.

SIXTY GIRLS NOT TOO MANY

A New York firm recently hung the following sign at the entrance of a large building: "Wanted: Sixty girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor."

A POSSIBLE SUBSTITUTE

"What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am," was the reply.

THEY HAD THEIRS OFF

Little Sue Brown was allowed to stand on the staircase and feast her eyes on the beautifully-dressed décolleté ladies at her mother's party. Presently she beckoned to her mother and anxiously whispered:

"Mother, may I take off my guimpe?"

"Mercy, no," said her mother; "it is the middle of winter and you would take your death of cold."

"Well," said Sue regretfully, "look there: Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith have theirs off."

BADLY TANGLED

"Chi-chi-children," began the timid young man who had just been appointed Superintendent of the Sabbath School. "Of course you are all familiar with the story of the swallow that whaled Jonah—er—er—I mean the swale that wallowed Jonah—er—er—that is, the whale that Jonahed—um—um—the Jollow that wonahed the swale—I mean—er—the Jail that swallowed wonah—er—er—gug—gug—" (Chokes.)

"I presume, Brother Sims," said the Collection-taker, kindly, "you mean the Jonah that swallowed the—er—er—that is—"

"Ye-Yes, sir," responded the timid young man; "that is what I mean."

THAT WAS EASY

"Patrick, did you steal Widow Maloney's pig, and if so what did you do with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, your Honor."

"Well, now, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with Widow Maloney and her pig on Judgment Day," said the judge, "what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, your Honor?" asked Pat.

"To be sure I did."

"Well, then, I'll say, 'Mrs. Maloney, there's your pig.'"

THE REAL THING

"Have ye anny ancisters, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"An' phwat's ancisters?"

"Why, people you shprung from."

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly impressively. "I come from the rale shtock av Donahues thot shpring from nobody. They shpring at thim!"

REGARD FOR APPEARANCES

A milliner endeavored to sell to a colored woman one of the last season's hats at a very moderate price. It was a big white picture-hat.

"Law, no, honey!" exclaimed the woman. "I could nevah wear that. I'd look jes' like a blueberry in a pan of milk."

ENTHUSIASM SQUELCHED

An enthusiastic citizen, about to visit Europe, was rejoicing over the fact and the pleasures to come.

"How delightful it will be," he said to his wife, "to tread the bounding billow and inhale the invigorating oxygen of the sea, the sea, the boundless sea! I long to see it! To breathe in great drafts of life-giving air. I shall want to stand every moment on the prow of the steamer with my mouth open—"

"You probably will, dear," interrupted his wife encouragingly. "That's the way all the ocean travelers do."

THERE WAS A CHANCE

"Going to send your boy on an ocean trip, are you?" said a friend to a father.

"Yes," replied the father. "You see, if there is anything in him I think a long sea voyage will bring it out."

HIS OFF DAYS

At a reception where many literary people were being entertained an inquisitive lady was talking with James Whitcomb Riley on the subject of the poor prices paid in the profession of literature.

"But you, Mr. Riley," said she, "surely you have no cause for complaining. You must be a very rich man. I understand you get a dollar a word for all you write."

"Ye-e-es, madam," said Riley, with his slow drawl, "but sometimes I sit all day and can't think of a single word."

A POETICAL BOOTBLACK

A passer-by one day was impressed by a verse, crudely printed on a board that hung in front of a "bootblack parlor." It read thus:

"When the clouds seem all around you,
When there's nothing to relieve
The darkness of your prospects,
And no light you can perceive,
Just keep smiling, smiling, smiling,
No matter what betide,
And don't forget to keep it up,
And *Shine Inside.*"

THE TRAINING OF CHARLIE

Little Charlie, who had been taught to be very polite on all occasions, and that he must never keep a seat when there were ladies standing, was one day riding in a crowded car perched on his father's knee.

When a young lady stepped in the little fellow jumped down at once, and, with a polite bow, said: "Please, Miss, will you take my place?"

UP HILL AND DOWN DALE

An Irishman and a Jew were traveling together in the country. They lost their way and asked the next farmer they met which of two roads ahead led to a certain town. The farmer, with a merry twinkle in his eyes and a knowing wink, said, "Follow your noses."

"But," they exclaimed, "we wanted to go together!"

AN EATING PROPOSITION

A stalwart young German applied for a position on a farm. As he walked into the barn he addressed the farmer: "Hey, mister, will you job me?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you job me? Make me work yet."

"Oh, I see; you want a job," said the farmer. "Well, how much do you want a month?"

"I tell you. If you eat me on der farm I come for fife dollars, but for twenty-fife dollars I eat myself at Schmidt's."

UNTIMELY RECOLLECTIONS

"Father," said Johnny Dowd, "I saw Dr. Grey today, and he said he used to go to school with you."

"So he did, my son, and he is a great man now. Boys didn't trifle away their time in those days. They went to school to learn and they learned—ha! ha!"

"Yes, father. Dr. Grey asked lots of questions about you."

"He did—ha! ha!" said Mr. Dowd, swelling up with pride; "what did he ask, my son?"

"Oh, he asked me if you remembered the time you played truant with him and stole Farmer White's apples, and if you ever get out of a window now to sneak off to a circus, and if you'd forgotten how you played sick to keep from going to school, and if—"

"There, there, John; you talk too much. Dr. Grey was thinking of Tim Fellows. He always did keep company with the worst boys in the school. Here's a ticket for the circus. I'm busy now."

NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED

In a certain school district one of the trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he visited a school with the examining inspectors he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building caught fire. Knowing this little peculiarity the master had coached his pupils as to the answer which they should give. When the visitor called, however, he simply said to them: "You boys and girls have listened so attentively to your master's remarks that I wonder what you would do if I were to make you a little speech?"

To the consternation of the master a hundred voices shouted in unison: "Form a line and march down stairs."

NOT GUILTY

One day an Irishman was seated in the waiting-room of a station with an odorous pipe in his mouth. One of the attendants called his attention to the sign: "No smoking."

"Well," said Pat, "I'm not a-smokin'."

"But you have a pipe in your mouth."

"Shure, an' I've shoes on me feet an' I'm not walkin'."

WHEN HE LEFT

A prominent man called to condole with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying, "Did he leave you much?"

"Nearly every night," was the reply.

EASILY SUPPLIED

A would-be funny youth while strolling through a provincial town during his vacation saw a notice in a shop window: "If you don't see what you want ask for it." He thought he would show how clever he was; so stepping inside he said to the proprietor:

"I don't see what I want."

"Then ask for it," said the proprietor loudly, and the twinkle in his eye showed that he knew what the other was up to; but that individual never supposed that a shopkeeper could beat him, so he went on:

"Well, I've asked all over the town for it, and I cannot find one."

"I've got everything a man can want," said the other encouragingly.

"Well, I have found so many smart men in this town that I want to find a first-class idiot."

"John," said the smiling merchant, turning to an assistant, "bring me a heavy piece of wrapping paper and wrap this gentleman up."

IT WAS A SURE SIGN

Two little girls were playing on the street and a well-dressed lady passed them with a swish and a whirl. By the noise it was evident that she wore a silk petticoat.

"What makes that noise?" whispered one little girl, with a wondering look.

"Sh!" said the other child in a low voice, "don't you know she's got money—rich folks always rattle and smell good."

PUPS WANTED

On one occasion the minister delivered a sermon of but ten minutes' duration—a most unusual thing for him.

Upon the conclusion of his remarks he added: "I regret to inform you, brethren, that my dog, who appears to be peculiarly fond of paper, this morning ate that portion of my sermon that I have not delivered. Let us pray."

After the service the clergyman was met at the door by a man who, as a rule, attended divine service in another parish. Shaking the good man by the hand he said:

"Doctor, I should like to know whether that dog of yours has any pups. If so I want to get one to give to my minister."

FREDDIE'S EXAMINATION PAPER

The people who live in the uninhabited portions of the earth are mostly cannibals.

Geometry is that branch of the mathematics that deals with angels.

Longfellow was a full-blooded American poet. He wrote The Salmon of Life.

The Pilgrims came to America so that they might persecute their religion in peace.

Electricity is a current of very strong stuff.

Sir Isaac Newton invented gravitation out of an apple.

An axiom is something that is always so even if it isn't so.

HE HAD TO STAND UP

An American doctor built an elegant home, says the San Francisco Chronicle; his bathroom was exceptionally beautiful, being of white marble with silver hardware; a music-box was concealed in the room. After completion of the home an Englishman came to visit the doctor. Now the English always show great respect for their sovereign and their country, and this one was no exception.

After showing his home to the Englishman the doctor remembered the fondness English people have for the bath, and escorted his guest to the bathroom, and while there turned on the music-box, wishing to give his guest a pleasant surprise as he bathed. Then he left his friend in the bathroom.

About an hour later the Englishman joined his host in the drawing-room. The doctor immediately asked what his guest thought of the bathroom. The Englishman replied: "It is beautiful, beautiful."

"Well," said the doctor, "how did you like my music-box?"

Said his guest with great disgust in his tones:

"Bah! That music-box! The old thing played 'God Save the King,' and I had to stand up the whole time I was trying to bathe."

TAKING MAMMA AT HER WORD

Mother—Ethel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to make Charlie cry so?

Ethel—I've only been sharing my codliver oil with him, mamma. You said it was so nice.

TRIED TO TELL HER

A ten-year-old girl, fresh from her first skating on the lake, dashed into a room where her sister was sitting "holding converse" with her most particular young man acquaintance.

"Sis, you ought to have seen me," she breathlessly cried; "the first time I stood up my feet went right up in the air and I came down plump on my—"

"Minnie," interrupted the sister, getting uneasy.

"Well, what?" asked Minnie. "My legs just scooted from under me and I came down plump on my—"

"Minnie," screamed her sister, "leave the room instantly!"

"But he's hurt," said Minnie.

"Hurt?" asked the sister; "who's hurt?"

"Why, brother. I came down on him, only you wouldn't let me tell you."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

A new settlement worker was going the rounds of her district one bright spring morning. In a crowded tenement some five or six little children gazed inquiringly at her as she entered.

"Well, well, children," she said, "I never saw so many soiled faces in my life. Why don't you use some soap and water?"

"We are waiting for de angel mum," replied Tommy Tuff.

"What angel?" asked the young woman.

"Why, de lady dat come fru here last week and give one of de kids a nickel to wash his face."

THE BISHOP RETORTS

One day a Bishop chanced into the shop of a druggist who was very fond of a joke—on somebody else. The druggist, wishing to have a joke at the Bishop's expense, asked:

"Bishop, can you tell me the difference between an ass and a bishop?"

The Bishop could not.

"Well," said the druggist, smiling all over, "an ass carries its cross (burden) upon its back, but a bishop carries his cross (of gold) on his breast."

"Very good," replied the Bishop, and then continued: "Now, then, my friend, can you tell me the difference between an ass and a druggist?"

After some hesitation the druggist answered: "No, sir, I can't."

"Neither can I," retorted the Bishop as he walked out.

A TICKLISH QUESTION

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot; "I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."

A CURTAIN LECTURE

Miss Polly—When I was in the city I attended a vaudeville show, and it was just grand.

Villager—What were the names of the pieces?

Miss Polly—I don't remember all, but the curtain said the first piece was Asbestos.

HE KNEW ONLY ONE

A teacher had been telling her class of boys that recently worms had become so numerous that they destroyed the crops, and it was necessary to import the English sparrow to exterminate them. The sparrows multiplied very fast and were gradually driving away our native birds.

Johnny was apparently very inattentive, and the teacher, thinking to catch him napping, said:

"Johnny, which is worse, to have worms or sparrows?"

Johnny hesitated a moment and then replied:

"Please, I never had the sparrows."

SHE WAS USED TO HUGGING

"But weren't you dreadfully scared, Miss Flypp, when the bear got his arm around you?" asked Mr. Maddox.

"Oh, dear, no," replied Miss Flypp. "I was once engaged to a Pittsburgh young man."

DIDN'T KNOW THE LADY

Mrs. Clancy: "Yis, Mrs. Muggins, Pat and Oi part to mate no more. Oi wint to the hospital to ax afther him. 'Oi want to see me husband,' sez Oi; 'the man that got blowed up.' 'Yez can't,' sez the docther —'he's unther the inflooence of Ann Esthetics.' 'Oi don't know the lady,' sez Oi, mighty dignified loike; 'but if me lawful wedded husband can act loike that whin he's at death's door Oi'll have a divorce from him!'"

HE MEANT IT, TOO

"Well, little boy, what's your name?"

"Shadrach Nebuchadnezzer Jones."

"Who gave you that name?"

"I don't know. But yer bet cher life if I find out, when I gets me growth they'll be sorry for it."

A HUSBAND'S STRATEGY

The young husband preferred to stay home, but to please his wife they engaged board at a country hotel for the summer. Nearly every night after dinner the husband hovered around the parlor and managed to occupy the piano-stool instead of a chair.

"I don't understand, dear," said his wife one evening, "why you always sit at the piano. You know you can't play a note!"

"Aha!" replied the husband. "Neither can anyone else, my love, while I am here!"

NOT IN IT WITH GRANDMA

The grandfather of a certain boy of seven years is a man of a great deal of prominence in the world of letters and affairs. A lady calling at the home of this distinguished gentleman was being entertained for a few minutes by the little grandson, and the caller said:

"You ought to be very proud of your grandfather. You know that he is a great man."

"Huh!" said the boy. "If you think that my grandfather is a great man you just ought to know my grandmother!"

HENCE HIS CONDITION

A mighty hunter had just killed, by a single shot, a tiger of incredible immensity.

After the great feat a friend standing by says to the man of brawn:

"Mighty steady nerves you must have. That beast was right on you! How do you explain it?"

"Easy enough," says the mighty hunter. "I bathe three times a day, never touch meat, fruit, cereals, stimulants or tobacco, drink five gallons of water after every meal, and read nothing but The Ladies' Home Journal."

FROM DIFFERENT POINTS

"Father, you were born in California, you say?"

"Yes, my son."

"And mother was born in New York?"

"Yes, my son."

"And I was born in Indiana?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, father, don't it beat the Dutch how we all got together!"

MUTUAL INTEREST

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor he chanced to pass the neighbor's place, where he saw their little boy sitting on the edge of the pig-pen watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny," said he; "how's your pig today?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all *your* folks?"

HER LITERARY LOVES

They had just met; conversation was somewhat fitful. Finally he decided to guide it into literary channels, where he was more at home, and, turning to his companion, asked:

"Are you fond of literature?"

"Passionately," she replied. "I love books dearly."

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous description—one can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak' and his noble 'Bride of Lammermoor'—where in the English language will you find anything more heroic than his grand auld Scottish characters and his graphic, forceful pictures of feudal times and customs? You like them, I am sure."

"I just dote upon them," she replied.

"And Scott's Emulsion," he continued hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

A LIVE TOPIC

A member of the faculty of the University of Chicago tells of the sad case of a young woman from Indiana who was desirous of attaining social prominence in Chicago.

Soon after her arrival there she made the acquaintance of a student at the university to whom she took a great fancy. Evidently it was at this time she realized for the first time that her early education had been neglected, for she said to a friend:

"I suppose that, as he is a college man, I'll have to be awful careful what I say. What'll I talk about to him?"

The friend suggested history as a safe topic. To her friend's astonishment she took the advice seriously, and shortly commenced in earnest to "bone up" in English history.

When the young man called the girl listened for some time with ill-concealed impatience to his talk of football, outdoor meets, dances, etc., but finally she decided to take the matter in her own hands. She had not done all that reading for nothing; so, a pause in the conversation affording the desired opportunity, she suddenly exclaimed, with considerable vivacity:

"Wasn't it awful about Mary, Queen of Scots?"

"Why, what's the matter?" stammered the student, confused.

"My gracious!" almost yelled the girl from Indiana, "didn't you know? Why, the poor thing had her head cut off!"

STRONG WATER

Mr. Edison was once asked to send a phonographic cylinder to a fair. He sent this reply: "You ask me to send you a phonographic cylinder and to say a few words to the audience. I do not think the audience would take any interest in dry scientific subjects, but perhaps they might be interested in a little story that a man sent me on a phonographic cylinder the other day from San Francisco. In the year 1873 a man from Massachusetts came to California with a chronic liver complaint. He searched all over the coast for a mineral spring to cure the disease, and finally he found, down in the San Joaquin Valley, a spring, the waters of which almost instantly cured him. He therefore started a sanitarium, and people all over the world came and were quickly cured. Last year this man died, and so powerful had been the action of the waters that they had to take his liver out and kill it with a club.—Edison."

THE BOY WAS TO BLAME

James started his third helping of pudding with delight. "Once upon a time, James," admonished his mother, "there was a little boy who ate too much pudding, and he burst!"

James considered. "There ain't such a thing as too much pudding," he decided.

"There must be," contended his mother, "else why did the little boy burst?"

James passed his plate for the fourth time, saying: "Not enough boy."

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

A lady who went from Michigan to Minnesota for her health seemed proud of being an invalid. She lost no opportunity of stating that she came to recupèrate. She did not hesitate to enter into conversation with any person with whom she came in contact, giving advice, climatological or physiological, to invalids, and seeking the same from those of robust constitution. Her conversation was always prefaced with the introductory inquiry so common to visitors: "Did you come here for your health?" She thus addressed a stalwart, ruddy-visaged young man at a dinner table a few days since, and the following conversation ensued:

"Yes, madam, I came here probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had no use of my limbs; in fact, my bones were but little tougher than cartilages. I had no intelligent control of a single muscle nor the use of a single faculty."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the astonished auditor; "and you lived?"

"I did, madam, although I was devoid of sight, was absolutely toothless, unable to articulate a single word, and dependent upon others for everything, being completely deprived of all power to help myself. I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and have scarcely experienced a sick day since, hence I can conscientiously recommend the climate."

"A wonderful case!" said the old lady; "but do you think your lungs were affected?"

"They were probably sound, but possessed of so little vitality that but for the most careful nursing they must have ceased their functions."

"I hope you found kind friends, sir."

"Indeed, I did, madam; it is to them and the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but unfortunately my mother was prostrated by a severe illness during the time of my greatest weakness."

"How sad! Pray, what was your diet and treatment?"

"My diet was the simplest food possible. As for treatment, I depended entirely upon the life-giving air of Minnesota, and took no medicine except an occasional light narcotic when very restless. My improvement dated from my arrival."

"Remarkable, miraculous! Surely, sir, you must have been greatly reduced in flesh."

"Madam, I weighed but nine pounds. I was born in Minnesota."

EGGS WERE PLENTY ENOUGH

While Jay Gould was traveling on the Wabash System he stopped over for dinner at a little town in Southern Illinois. The party ate some eggs, among other things, and when the bill was presented to Gould it contained the item, "One dozen eggs, $1.80." The great railroad magnate remarked that eggs must be at a premium in that section, to which the restaurant-keeper replied, "No, sir, eggs are plenty enough; but Jay Goulds are mighty scarce."

AMUSING THE BOY

A woman with a small boy approached the gateman, who lisped painfully, and asked: "What time does the next train leave for B———?"

"Theven thithty-theven," he replied; and the woman and her young hopeful retreated to the waiting-room. She soon emerged again, however, and approached the gateman.

"Excuse me," she said, "but what time did you say the next train left for B———?"

The gateman breathed a deep sigh and answered laboriously: "At theven thithty-theven."

Once more the child and his ma withdrew and left the poor man in peace. But he was not long to enjoy this state of quiet felicity, for in a few moments out she came again and put the very same question.

A look of exasperation came over the man's face as he said: "You hath lotht that train now, madam. I am tho thorry. It letht at theven thithty-seven, and it ith the latht that thopth at B———."

"Oh, don't let that trouble you," she replied with a sweetly patronizing smile. "We really didn't want that train, but my little boy *does* like to hear you say seven fifty-seven."

HER IDEA OF BACKBONE

When asked by her teacher to describe the backbone a little school girl said:

"The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck."

AFRAID OF HIMSELF

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, once told this story to a friend:

"I was coming down in the elevator of the Stock Exchange building, and at one of the intermediate floors a man whose face I knew as well as I know yours got in. He greeted me very warmly at once, said it was a number of years since we had met, and was very gracious and friendly. But I couldn't place him for the life of me. I asked him as a sort of a feeler how he happened to be in New York, and he answered, with a touch of surprise, that he had lived there for several years. Finally I told him, in an apologetic way, that I couldn't recall his name. He looked at me for a moment, and then he said, very quietly, that his name was U. S. Grant."

"What did you do, Joe?" his friend asked.

"Do?" he replied, with a characteristic smile. "Why, I got out at the next floor, for fear I'd ask him if he had ever been in the war!"

NEWS FOR THE BISHOP

A newly-rich woman, who was anxious to make a favorable impression in her neighborhood, decided to show her collection of antiques to the Bishop when he called. The time came, and one by one she displayed the whole collection, giving him the history of each piece. Finally she pointed to the most prized article in the lot. "There," she said, pointing impressively to an old yellow teapot. "That teapot was used in the Boston Tea-party."

NECESSITY AND INVENTION

A mother with her seven children started away on a journey. After entering the car the largest child was laid out flat on the seat, and the remaining six then sat upon him in a row.

When the conductor came around to collect the fares the mother counted her money, handed it over, smiled and suavely said: "Sir, the oldest is under six."

NOT WHAT HE THOUGHT

A gentleman riding with an Irishman came within sight of an old gallows, and, to display his wit, said:

"Pat, do you see that?"

"To be sure Oi do," replied Pat.

"And where would you be today if the gallows had its due?"

"Oi'd be riding alone," replied Pat.

IT WORKED BOTH WAYS

James Brown, Mate of the sailing ship "Penelope," was a good seaman but too fond of whisky. Captain Doliver, having overlooked several lapses, warned him that the next offense would be entered on the log. The Mate strove but fell and one day the log, written by the Captain, read as follows:

"May 13, 1876. Course S. W. by S. Lat. 42° 31′ 28″. Long. 151° 43′ 18″ W. Steady S. W. wind. Mr. Brown drunk today."

Brown read this entry with dismay, and seeking the Captain implored him to alter what he had writ-

ten, pointing out that the log would be read by the owners and that he would lose all chance of getting a ship.

"Well, isn't it true?" asked the Captain.

"It is true, but—"

"Then the record stands," broke in the Captain.

Some days later the Mate entered on the log:

"May 17, 1876. Course S. S. W. Lat. 45° 32′ 51″. Long. 158° 47′ 13″ W. Wind light and variable W. to S. W. Captain Doliver sober today."

When the Captain read this his rage was unbounded. He summoned the Mate and demanded how he dared to make such an entry.

"Well, Captain, isn't it true? Were you not sober last night?"

"Of course I was sober," roared the Captain.

"Then the record stands," said the Mate.

NO DOUBT OF IT

The lesson was from the "Prodigal Son," and the Sunday-school teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. "But amidst all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and had no wish to attend it. Now can any of you tell who this was?" There was a short silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen little mouths came the chorus: "Please, sir, it was the fatted calf."

MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE

"Please, mum," said a tramp, "would you be so kind as to let me have a needle and thread?"

"Well, y-e-s," said the housewife at the door, "I can let you have that."

"Thankee, mum. Now, you'd oblige me very much if you'd let me have a bit of cloth for a patch."

"Yes, here is some."

"Thankee very much, mum. It's a little different color from my suit, I see. Perhaps, mum, you could spare me some of your husband's old clothes that this patch will match."

"Well, I declare! You're clever, my man, and I'll give you an old suit. Here is one."

"Thankee greatly, mum. I see it's a little large, mum, but if you'll kindly furnish me with a square meal, mebby I can fill it out."

THE DIPLOMATIC SALESMAN

An elderly lady entered a shop and asked to be shown some tablecloths. The salesman brought a pile and showed them to her, but she said she had seen those elsewhere—nothing suited her.

"Haven't you something new?" she asked.

The man then brought another pile and showed them to her.

"These are the newest pattern," he said. "You will notice the edge runs right round the border and the centre is in the middle."

"Dear me, yes. I will take half a dozen of those," said the lady.

KIPLING AT A LUNCHEON

At a tea the other day a woman heard the following remarks made about her favorite author. She turned to listen, amazed by the eccentricities of conduct narrated.

"Yes, you know," the hostess was saying, "Kipling came in and behaved so strangely! At luncheon he suddenly sprang up and wouldn't let the waitress come near the table. Every time that she tried to come near he would jump at her.

"He made a dive for the cake, which was on the lower shelf of the sideboard, and took it into the parlor to eat it. He got the crumbs all over the sofa and the beautiful rug.

"When he had finished his cake he simply sat and glared at us."

The visitor finally could not control herself, and asked: "Excuse me, but are you speaking of Mr. Rudyard Kipling?"

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling?" echoed the hostess. "Oh, no; Kipling is our dog!"

HE KNEW THE KIND

A small boy in Boston, who had unfortunately learned to swear, was rebuked by his father. "Who told you that I swore?" asked the bad little boy. "Oh, a little bird told me," said the father. The boy stood and looked out of the window scowling at some sparrows which were scolding and chattering. Then he had a happy thought. "I know who told you," he said. "It was one of those ——— sparrows."

SHE WON HER UNCLE

Uncle Harry was a bachelor and not fond of babies. Even winsome four-year-old Helen failed to win his heart. Every one made too much fuss over the youngster, Uncle Harry declared.

One day Helen's mother was called downstairs and with fear and trembling asked Uncle Harry, who was stretched out on a sofa, if he would keep his eye on Helen. Uncle Harry grunted "Yes," but never stirred from his position—in truth his eyes were tight shut.

By-and-by wee Helen tiptoed over to the sofa and leaning over Uncle Harry softly inquired:

"Feepy?"

"No," growled Uncle Harry.

"Tired?" ventured Helen.

"No," said her uncle.

"Sick?" further inquired Helen, with real sympathy in her voice.

"No," still insisted Uncle Harry.

"Dus' feel bum, hey?"

And that won the uncle!

THE DIFFERENCE

The famous Doctor Johnson was discovered one day, by Mrs. Johnson, kissing one of her serving maids.

"Why, Doctor Johnson," said the wife, "I am surprised."

"No," said the recreant husband, "that is not exactly right, dear. I am surprised; you are astonished."

WIT IN EPITAPHS

If brevity be the soul of wit this, on a tombstone, merits attention:

"I am anxiously awaiting you—A. D. 1827.
Here I am—A. D. 1867."

This one line is on a stone erected over a photographer at his own direction:

"Here I am—Taken from Life."

His neighbor has this on his stone:

"That which a being was, what is it, show,
That being which was, what is it now?
To be what 'tis is not to be, you see,
That which now is not, shall a being be."

A good word of advice put into marble in England reads:

"Reader, I've left a world to you,
In which I had a world to do;
Fretting and sweating to get rich,
Just such another fool as you."

A LOST APOLOGY

The Professor of Philosophy, says a story in Harper's Magazine, absent-minded and full of enthusiasm, came into the sitting-room.

"What a beautiful woman Mrs. Raymond is!" he exclaimed. "I have just had such a pleasant talk with her in the book store."

His wife looked up from her sewing.

"John!" she exclaimed, "where is your collar?"

The Professor of Philosophy put his hand to his throat. "I must have left it at the barber shop. Yes,

that's it. I went to the barber shop, then to the book store. Why," he ended lamely, "Mrs. Raymond would think it very careless of me to appear in public without my collar, wouldn't she?"

"Rather," said his wife. "Perhaps you'd better call her up and tell her just how it happened."

"Exactly," said the professor.

The professor went to the telephone.

"Hello, Central, hello. Hello—is this Mrs. Raymond? Yes? Well, really, it was very stupid of me, Mrs. Raymond; but, you know, I had been thinking of something very important and I quite forgot to put on my collar. I—oh!—ah!—good-by."

The professor suddenly hung up the receiver. He gave utterance to a mild exclamation.

"John!" exclaimed his wife.

"She says she hasn't been out of the house today," groaned the professor.

HE COULDN'T BEND

A young man engaged board and lodging in a private family who were extremely devout. Before each meal a long grace was said. To their dismay and horror the new boarder sat bolt upright while the others at table reverently bowed their heads. When the second day passed and the young man evinced no disposition to unbend, the good lady of the house could endure the situation no longer.

"Atheism?" asked she sharply.

"No, madam," humbly responded the new boarder; "boil."

WASN'T DELICATE AT ALL

A young man, not regarded as a very desirable suitor, had called upon a young lady a number of times, each time to be told by the maid that "Miss Florence was not well today."

One day, in response to his card, the young lady's mother, who was a recent accession to the newly-rich ranks, and whose education was not as sure as it might be, appeared and explained once more to the young man that the daughter was not well.

"I am very sorry, indeed," said the young man as he rose to go, "that your daughter is so delicate."

"Delicate?" sniffed the mother; "Florence delicate? Not at all. Why, she is the most indelicate girl you ever met."

HIGHEST PRICE IN THE STORE

A rich American woman visited a Japanese art shop in Paris. It happened to be a dull, dark afternoon. She looked at the bronzes, jewels, drawings and other things, and finally, pointing toward a dusky corner, she said to the polite young salesman: "How much is that Japanese idol over there worth?"

The salesman bowed, and answered: "About five hundred thousand francs, madam. It is the proprietor."

CRUSHED AGAIN

He called her Lily, Pansy, Rose,
And every other flower of spring.
Said she: "I can't be all of those,
So you must Li-lac everything."

MOSQUITO IN A NEW LIGHT

It was the first night Pat and Mike spent in America. They secured a small room at a boarding house. There were no screens at the windows. Being afraid of robbers Pat and Mike decided to let the light burn all night. Soon the mosquitoes became intolerable.

"Let's turn out the light so they can't find us," said Pat.

In a short while some fireflies flitting about entered the room.

Never having seen any before, Mike exclaimed: "Hully Gee! Pat, they're comin' after us with their lanterns!"

NOT IN THE ARMY

A Methodist negro exhorter shouted: "Come up en jine de army ob de Lohd."

"Ise done jined," replied one of the congregation.

"Whar'd yoh jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptis' chu'ch."

"Why, chile," said the exhorter, "yoh ain't in the army; yoh's in de navy."

SHE COULDN'T VERY WELL

An attaché of one of the foreign legations in Washington had become very much attracted to one of the sweetest and most beautiful girls in the Capital society. He felt quite sure that his ardor was not altogether without response on the girl's part. Their meetings had become oftener and their appearances in public together were frequent, and the young fellow felt that a certain ball to be given on a particular

evening to which they were both invited would mean a great deal to him. So he personally selected a box of the most beautiful flowers he could get, and writing a note addressed to the girl, gave it to his valet, carefully instructing him to deliver it with the box in about two or three hours.

The man finally reported that the box and note had been delivered, but to the attaché's surprise when he arrived at the ball and went straight up to the girl, he noticed that she was not alone and was carrying some other flowers. She barely nodded to him as he approached, and during the entire evening distinctly shunned him. The evening was a miserable one and he went home sick at heart. There he found his box of flowers standing on the table. Mystified, he summoned his valet, only to be assured that he had personally delivered the note and box.

"But not that one, sir," he added. "You pointed out quite another box, sir."

"What was in the box you took?" asked the young man, absolutely mystified.

"I cannot tell, sir, and naturally I did not open it," replied the valet.

He was sent in haste to the girl's address, and the box was brought back to the young man, who opened it only to find that his valet had carried to the girl a new lot of underwear which he had bought that day for himself and had sent home.

And the note had read:

"May I hope that you will wear these for my sake?"

THE MEEKEST MAN

"Which of you children can tell me who was the meekest man?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class.

None of them raised a hand. Finally little Johnny Fizzletop raised his hand above his curly head.

"There!" said the teacher, "you ought all to be ashamed of yourselves. You great big boys have been coming to Sunday-school for months and months, and here is little Johnny Fizzletop, poor little fellow, he never has had any advantages, and has only been coming to Sunday-school for the past two weeks, and yet he knows more about the Bible than all the rest of you. I become perfectly discouraged when I think of it. I come here every Sunday and toil for you, and yet you can't answer so simple a question as what is the name of the meekest man in the Bible. Just look at little Johnny there, holding up his hand, while you hang your heads. You're a good little boy, Johnny, and your teacher is proud of you. Now speak up good and loud and tell these great big boys who was the meekest man. Speak up, Johnny."

"Please, ma'am, may I go out?"

WHEN TO TRUST A MAN

M'Ginnis kept a saloon and lived with his family upstairs. One day his bartender shouted to him:

"M'Ginnis, is Tim O'Leary good for a drink?"

"Has he had the drink?" called back M'Ginnis.

"He has."

"He is."

WHY HE COULDN'T HELP HER

A very pretty young woman slipped and fell on the stone steps in front of her father's house, spraining her knee. She disliked doctors, but the knee finally grew so bad that she was persuaded to call in medical advice. She wouldn't have this doctor or that one, but finally said she would consent to have called in a certain spruce-looking young man carrying a homœopathic medicine case who passed the house every day.

The family kept a sharp lookout, and when he came along called him in.

The young lady modestly raised her skirts and showed the disabled member.

The young man looked at it and said:

"That certainly is quite serious."

"Well," said the young lady, "what shall I do?"

"If I were you," he said, "I would send for a physician."

"But can you not attend to it?" asked the girl.

"Not very well," answered the young man. "I am a piano-tuner."

AS CHILDREN SEE THINGS

A Canadian school principal, Miss Agnes Cameron, has been telling in The Century some delightful stories of humorous incidents in school that have come under her attention. She tells, for example, of a boy who wrote:

"When a gentleman walks with a lady on the public street, no gentleman walks inside the lady."

To the question, "What is dew?" came the well-

reasoned reply: "The earth revolves on its own axis three hundred and sixty-five times in twenty-four hours. This rapid motion through space causes its sides to perspire; this is called dew."

The mother of a child objected to a punishment given by the teacher to her boy, and calling upon the teacher asked, in tones that were icy: "Miss Harrington, I wish some information on this outrageous proceeding. Kindly tell me just what end you had in view in punishing my son."

To which the teacher replied sweetly: "Why, Mrs. Grant, I had the same end in view that anybody would have in spanking a little boy."

In a geography class I asked: "Tom, your father is a sailor: would it be possible for him to start today to go round the world, and keep on sailing always in the same direction till he came back to his starting point?"

"No, Miss Cameron."

"Why?"

"He's in jail."

It was a little girl whose imagination took the bit in its teeth with this audacious run across country: "Elizabeth is well known in literature. She patronized Shakespeare and encouraged Sidney. She was dearly fond of hawks and horses and hounds, chivalry and cavalry, and other animals of the chase. In glory and honor and majesty we see her strut in her German garden. Raleigh set his cloak for her, but Elizabeth fondly died a maiden Queen."

NO EXCEPTIONS TO THIS RULE

"Willie," said a fond mother earnestly, "you should go to bed early. 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,' you know. You should go to bed with the sun—the chickens go to bed with the sun."

"Yes, I know they do, mamma; but the old hen—she always goes with 'em!"

WHY HIS NOSE WAS RED

The late Mr. Duffy, of Keene, New Hampshire, was well known for his lifelong total abstinence from intoxicants, which seemed somewhat at variance with the fact that his nose was very red.

On one occasion, when on business in a liquor saloon in his neighborhood, a drummer came in to sell cigars. To gain the good graces of the bartender he invited all in the place to drink, to which invitation all readily responded save Mr. Duffy.

The drummer went to him, and slapping him on the shoulder, said: "I say, old man, what are you going to have?"

"I thank you, sir-r, but I niver dhrink," was Duffy's quiet reply.

"What, you never drink?" said the drummer with a sarcastic laugh. "Now, if you never drink, will you please tell me what makes that nose of yours so red?"

The impertinence of the questioner at once aroused the irascibility of the old gentleman, and he replied: "Sir-r, it is glowing with proid because it is kept out of other people's business."

IT NEVER GROWS OLD

Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells of an amusing letter once sent by Thomas Bailey Aldrich to Professor E. S. Morse, whose hand-writing was very illegible. According to Doctor Hale, Mr. Aldrich wrote as follows:

"My dear Morse: It was very pleasing to me to get your recent letter. Perhaps I should have been more pleased had I been able to decipher the same. I have not been able to master any of it beyond the date, which I knew, and the signature, which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning: 'Here's that letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it today, and maybe I shall, in the course of a few months, be able to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's and those i's that have no eyebrows.' Other letters are read and thrown away, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.

"Admiringly yours,

"T. B. Aldrich."

HE COULDN'T OBLIGE

Curates's Wife (given to nerves)—Hoppitt, would you mind seeing me as far as my house? The lane is so dark.

Cherry Clodhopper—Well, I'd rather not, mum. I promised my young woman I'd chuck that all up.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

In Mexico the undertaker sends notices of death at his own expense, which also contain his advertisement, to the relatives of the deceased. One day, several months ago, a certain lithographic establishment received from a customer a printed circular announcing the death of a partner in his firm.

It was given to the correspondence clerk, with instructions to write a letter of condolence in reply. He wrote:

"We are exceedingly pained to learn of the loss sustained by your firm, and extend to you our deepest sympathy. We notice that the circular you send us announcing Mr. ——'s death is lithographed by Messrs. ——. We greatly regret that you did not see your way to let us estimate for the printing of the same. The next time there is a bereavement in your house we shall be glad to quote you for lithographed circulars, and are confident that we can beat anybody else.

"Trusting we may have an early opportunity of quoting you our prices we remain, with profound sympathy, yours truly, etc."

THE DOG WASN'T TOUCHED

"Madam," said the conductor as he punched a ticket, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car. It is against the rules."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will not disturb anyone."

"That makes no difference," said the conductor.

"Dogs must ride in the baggage-car. I'll take and fasten him for you."

"Don't you touch my dog, sir," exclaimed the young lady excitedly. "I will trust him to no one," and with indignant tread she marched to the baggage-car, tied her dog, and said: "Remember, please, I don't want a soul here to touch my dog or untie him: you understand?"

The baggage crew said they did.

As the train approached her station, the young lady, hailing the conductor, asked: "Is my dog all right?"

"I don't know, miss," replied the conductor.

"Don't know?" she replied. "Why don't you know? It's your business to know. You haven't touched him or untied him?"

"No; we didn't touch or untie him, and that's just it. You tied him to a trunk checked for two stations back. The trunk had to be put off, and so we threw the dog off with the trunk!"

NEW TO JOSEPH

The home of Joseph Jefferson at Buzzard's Bay was not far from the Wareham road. Some years ago, when certain ladies affected the bloomer costume when riding bicycles, Jefferson came upon a lady in such a garb who had evidently mistaken her road. As Mr. Jefferson approached she asked:

"Will you kindly tell me if this is the way to Wareham?"

"Well," said Mr. Jefferson, "I'm sure I don't know; it's the first time I've ever seen any."

NOT BEYOND HIM

In a certain restaurant at one time customers' wants were looked after by a waiter who was renowned for the clever way in which when shouting down the dumb waiter to the cook he interpreted the different dishes. For instance, if a customer ordered sausage and bread, he told the cook "a doorstep and a bag of mystery" were required. In consequence of this two city men had a wager, one of them saying he was sure he could give an order which the waiter would find it impossible to twist in his usual way.

Accordingly they repaired to the restaurant and Mr. Brown gave his order:

"Waiter, bring me a couple of poached eggs on toast and the yolks broken."

The waiter shouted down to the cook: "Adam and Eve on a raft and wreck 'em."

HE GOT IT, BLESS HIM

Among the passengers on a Western train recently was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy of about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks and kicks and screams, and his viciousness toward his patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally spat in her face without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother chided her sharply. Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy

had slapped the nurse for the fifth time a bug came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said coaxingly:

"Harry mustn't touch. Bug will bite Harry."

Harry screamed savagely and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply:

"Why do you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a ———"

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the bug and caught it. The screams of pain that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers' eyes.

The mother awoke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it."

Mary turned in her seat and said confusedly:

"He's got it, ma'am!"

"What is it?" languidly asked the mother as the screams increased.

"A wasp, ma'am," said the nurse.

COMPETITION TOO KEEN

A farmer during a long-continued drought invented a machine for watering his fields. The very first day while he was trying it there suddenly came a downpour of rain. He put away his machine.

"It's no use," he said; "ye can dae naething nooadays without competition."

HOW GRANDMA VIEWED THEM

"I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding.

"Why, Grandma?" asked the son.

"Well, gals is hity-tity, and widders is kinder overrulin' and upsettin'. But old maids is thankful and willin' to please."

SHE PAID THE OTHER QUARTER

A dumpy little woman with solemn eyes, holding by the hand two dumpy little boys, came to the box-office of a theatre, says Harper's Weekly. Handing in a quarter, she asked meekly for the best seat she could get for that money.

"Those boys must have tickets if you take them in," said the clerk.

"Oh, no, mister," she said. "I never pay for them. I never can spare more than a quarter, and I just love a show. We don't cheat you any, mister, for they both go sound asleep just as soon as they get into a seat, and don't see a single bit of it."

The argument convinced the ticket man, and he allowed the two children to pass in.

Toward the end of the second act an usher came out of the auditorium and handed a twenty-five-cent piece to the ticket-seller.

"What's this?" demanded the latter.

"I don't know," said the usher. "A little chunk of a woman beckoned me clear across the house, and said one of her kids had waked up and was looking at the show, and that I should bring you that quarter."

ANXIOUS ABOUT HIM

One winter's day a very bow-legged tramp called at a home in Ontario and stood to warm himself by the kitchen stove. A little boy in the home surveyed him carefully for some minutes, then finally approaching him, he said: "Say, mister, you better stand back; you're warping!"

HIS VERACITY WAS ADMIRABLE

At a certain Scottish dinner it was found that every one had contributed to the evening's entertainment but a certain Doctor MacDonald.

"Come, come, Doctor MacDonald," said the chairman, "we cannot let you escape."

The doctor protested that he could not sing. "My voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door."

The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty. Good singers, he was reminded, always needed a lot of pressing.

"Very well," said the doctor, "if you can stand it I will sing."

Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy.

There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a braw Scot at the end of the table.

"Mon," he exclaimed, "your singin's no up to much, but your veracity's just awful. You're richt aboot that brick."

WHERE THE GIRL DIFFERED

One evening, as a young man was pressing his sweetheart to his breast, her sister entered the room suddenly.

The lovers drew apart with great haste, and the sister, with an "Excuse me," turned to go.

But the young man deemed an explanation necessary. He said:

"Don't go. We have just been measuring to see which is the taller."

The intruder, standing by the door, looked at the lovers intently. Then a delicate smile flitted over her pretty face, and she said:

"You are both about the same height, but I think sister is much the redder."

A "BILLET-DOUX"

She was a winsome country lass,
So William on a brief vacation,
The time more pleasantly to pass,
Essayed flirtation.
And while they strolled in twilight dim,
As near the time for parting drew,
Asked if she would have from him
A "billet-doux."
Now this simple maid of French knew naught,
But doubting not 'twas something nice,
Shyly she lifted her pretty head,
Her rosy lips together drew, and coyly said,
"Yes Billy—do,"
And William—did.

BOTH WERE KNIGHTS

He was a very decided English type, and as he stopped an Irishman and asked for a light he volunteered to say:

"Excuse me, my man, for stopping you as an entire stranger. But at home I'm a person of some importance. I'm Sir James B——, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. And your name is—what, my man?"

"Me name," was the ready reply, "is Michael Murphy. Night before last, last night, tonight and every night, Michael Murphy."

AN EPICUREAN STEW

A fastidious man undertook to transmit instructions through the waiter to the cook. He wanted an oyster stew. These were his instructions:

"Now waiter, kindly tell the cook I don't want the oysters and milk merely mixed and heated. I want the milk carefully boiled first. The oysters should then be added without the liquor. The liquor should not be put in until the seasoning is added. Be very particular to get good, rich milk, and nothing but the best, gilt-edged butter. As for the oysters, I want Cape Cod salts. No ordinary stock oysters for me. Do you understand?"

"I think so, sir," replied the waiter; "but do you wish the oysters with or without?"

"With or without what?" asked the customer.

"Pearls, sir."

THE PUREST THING

A little girl going to Sunday-school had been spoken to by her mother for being careless about her wearing apparel. One day her mother told her she must always dress with scrupulous neatness, especially in regard to her underclothing.

The next Sunday her teacher, in hearing the lesson, had occasion to mention that the "hearts of little children should always be the purest and cleanest."

The little girl was not paying attention to the lesson when she was asked the question:

"What should be the purest and cleanest about a little child?"

To the astonishment of the teacher, she replied:

"Your underclothes."

WHY THEY CRIED

Two Irishmen who had just landed were eating their dinner in a hotel, when Pat spied a bottle of horseradish. Not knowing what it was he partook of a big mouthful, which brought tears to his eyes.

Mike, seeing Pat crying, exclaimed: "Phat be ye crying fer?"

Pat, wishing to have Mike fooled also, exclaimed: "I'm crying fer me poor ould mother, who's dead way over in Ireland."

By-and-by Mike took some of the radish, whereupon tears filled *his* eyes. Pat, seeing them, asked his friend what *he* was crying for.

Mike replied: "Because ye didn't die at the same time yer poor ould mother did."

HIS BETTER-HALF

In the little magistrate's office around the corner Pat was being tried for disturbing the peace in innumerable ways.

"Haven't you any visible means of support?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, sir, your Honor, sure I have," said Pat. "Bridget, me darlint, come here and stand up so that the Coort kin see yez!"

COULDN'T FOLLOW HIM

"John," said Farmer Foddershucks to his college-bred son, who was home on a vacation, "hev ye noticed Si Mullet's oldest gal lately? Strikes me she's gettin' ter be a right likely critter, hey?"

"She's as beautiful as Hebe," agreed John enthusiastically.

"Aw, shucks!" grunted Farmer F. "She's a blame sight purtier'n he be. Why, he ain't no beauty. She gits it f'm her mother's folks."

WHEN THREE WAS A CROWD

An old Southern darky was presented with triplets and was so elated over the event that he called in everybody to see them. Among the visitors was an Irishman.

"Say, boss," exclaimed the old man, "what you think of that?"

"Well," said Pat, looking the babies over carefully and pointing to a healthy-looking one, "I would keep that one."

AND SHE KEPT ON SMOKING

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christian?" asked a preacher of an old negro woman who was smoking a pipe.

"Yes, brudder, I 'spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage in the Scripture that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"Yes, I'se heard of it."

"Well, you smoke, and there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. So what do you say to that?"

"Well, when I go dere I 'spects to leave my breff behind me."

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE

A little girl who could not resist picking her mother's currants as fast as they ripened, after being reproved for it several times, still could not refrain. At last her mother called her to her and told her that thereafter whenever she was tempted to pull the currants to say: "Get thee behind me, Satan." But the next day the currants disappeared from the bush again.

The mother called her little one and asked if she hadn't remembered what she told her.

"Yes, mother," she said. "I did say 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and he got right behind me and shoved me into the bush."

NATURAL ENOUGH

A stuttering man was once arraigned before a magistrate.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"S-s-s-s-sis-s-s-s-s," began the prisoner, and then stopped.

"What's that?" demanded the magistrate.

"S-s-s-sis-s-s-s," hissed the stutterer.

"His name's Sisson," interrupted the policeman who had made the arrest. "He stutters."

"So it seems," said the magistrate. "What's he charged with?"

"I don't know, your Honor," said the policeman; "it seems to be soda-water."

SWEET REVENGE

A man unaccustomed to anything at home was making the most of his opportunity in a large restaurant by sending the waiter back on the slightest pretext, by complaining of everything that was brought to him, and by "cussing" generally.

A gentleman, seated at the same table, having finished his meal, met the waiter coming from the kitchen and giving him a "tip" remarked: "That man is making it rather disagreeable for you, isn't he?"

"Yes, sah," replied the negro, "but I get revenge on him, sah."

"How is that?" asked the man.

"See this cup of tea, sah? Well, sah," and the negro grinned from ear to ear, "I just done spit in it, sah!"

ONCE DEAD ALWAYS DEAD

The hero of the play, after putting up a stiff fight with the villain, had died to slow music.

The audience insisted on his coming before the curtain.

He refused to appear.

But the audience still insisted.

Then the manager, a gentleman with a strong accent, came to the front.

"Ladies an' gintlemen," he said, "the carpse thanks ye kindly, but he says he's dead, an' he's goin' to stay dead."

WHAT "R. S. V. P." MEANS

A young man asked a country squire what the letters "R. S. V. P." meant at the foot of an invitation. The squire, with a little chuckle, answered:

"They mean, 'Rush in, Shake hands, Victual up, and Put.'"

ONE ON THE PREACHERS

The preachers in a certain coast town noted for its Sabbath observance were greatly incensed over the fact that printed cards bearing the name of a well-known shipbuilding firm had been received by prominent citizens, inviting them to attend the launching of a vessel on the next Sunday afternoon, the reason being given that the tide was highest on that day.

Sunday came and in every church the launching was widely advertised and denounced, and it was not until late in the day that some one remembered it was April the first.

JOHNNY'S IMPRESSIONS

"One of my boys had skipped his classes, deceived his mother, been found out, and caused much unhappiness all around. I took him aside, and we had a heart-to-heart talk. Johnny sat still, looking at me intently, and seeming to be deeply impressed. I thought I was making great headway and that my little sermon was surely penetrating Johnny's brain. But you never can tell. Just as I had reached the climax in my appeal to his better self a light of discovery broke over Johnny.

"'Say, teacher,' he said eagerly, 'it's your lower jaw that moves, ain't it?'"

OLDER THE BETTER

A successful business man, and the proud father of several daughters, was endeavoring to find out a certain young man's intentions in visiting his house.

"Yes," said the old man, "I am proud of my girls and would like to see them comfortably married. I have made a little money and they will not go to their husbands penniless. There's Mary, twenty-five years old, and a real good girl. I shall give her five thousand dollars when she marries; then comes Bet, who won't see thirty-five again, and I shall give her ten thousand dollars; and the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have fifteen thousand dollars with her. Ahem!"

The young man reflected a moment or so, and then inquired: "You haven't got one about fifty, have you?"

EASY ENOUGH TO FIX

A Chinaman, clad in the typical laundryman's costume, entered a street car one cold day last winter and took a seat next to an Irish woman of generous proportions. He shivered, shook himself, and then with that yearning for human sympathy which extremes of temperature brings to the surface, remarked to his neighbor:

"Belly eold!"

The Irish woman was not socially inclined. She turned on him scornfully and snapped out:

"Well, if ye'd tuck yer shirt inside yer pants, ye haythen, yer belly wouldn't be cold."

COULD SUPPLY SPECIMENS

"And what did my little darling do in school today?" a mother asked of her young son—a "second-grader."

"We had Nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said the boy.

"That was nice. What did you do?"

"I brought a cockroach in a bottle, and I told teacher we had lots more, and if she wanted I would bring one every day."

WOMAN'S LOVE AND MAN'S

"There's just two things that break up most happy homes," observed a philosopher.

"What's them?" inquired a listener.

"Woman's love for dry goods an' man's love for wet goods, b'gosh!"

NOT A SINNER

She was a thin, narrow, dark-visaged woman with "specs" on, and she carried a package of tracts and leaflets, which she scattered broadcast among the sinners in the car.

A man got on, carrying a big watermelon. Out of his pocket protruded a glass flask with a rubber cork. The woman with the tracts handed one immediately to this last passenger.

"Thankee," he said; "comic almanac, hey?"

"No, sir," said the woman firmly, in a high, falsetto voice. "It's to save your immortal soul. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wine," and she pointed with a crooked forefinger to the glass flask protruding from his coat-pocket.

"Oh, I see," said the man, smiling; "but this bottle ain't for me, ma'am."

"'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink,'" quoted the woman fiercely, as she waved a warning hand high above her head.

"He ain't eggsactly my neighbor, eyther," said the man gently. "You see, it's for the new baby, and wife cal'lates to bring him up by hand."

But the woman with the tracts hurriedly left the car at the next corner, followed by the smiles of the passengers.

BROKE THE NEWS GENTLY

On his return from an extended trip abroad an English Squire was met at the steamship wharf by his old and trusted butler. Thinking it strange that

the old man should have come to meet him the Squire asked if there was bad news.

"Yes, sir," replied the butler, "very bad news. The old magpie is dead, sir."

"What did the bird die of?"

"Too much horseflesh, sir."

"Too much horseflesh, John? Where did it get it?"

"The carriage horses, sir."

"What, are they dead, too?"

"Yes, sir. Died from overexertion drawing water the night of the fire."

"What fire?"

"The mansion, sir."

"You don't mean to say that the mansion is burned, John?"

"Yes, sir; it burned the night of the funeral, sir."

"Whose funeral?"

"Your poor mother's, sir."

"What, mother dead, too?"

"Yes, sir; she never held her head up after your poor father died."

"Great Heaven! Father dead as well? I never heard a word of any of these misfortunes. What was the cause of my father's death?"

"Well, sir, it was this way. He received a telegram telling him that the ship had gone down that had the whole of his fortune on board, and the shock of it killed him."

"John, I am entirely ruined!"

"That you are, sir."

HER ONLY REQUEST

A lady complained to her milkman of the quality of milk he sold her.

"Well, mum," said the milkman, "the cows don't get enough grass feed this time o' year. Why, them cows are just as sorry about it as I am. I often see 'em cryin'—regular cryin', mum—because they feel as how their milk don't do 'em credit. Don't you believe it, mum?"

"Oh, yes, I believe it," responded his customer; "but I wish in future you'd see that they don't drop their tears into our can."

A MEMORY FOR FACES

Six-year-old Marie is a minister's daughter and Christmas found half a dozen dolls under the Christmas tree. There they stood during the Christmas week, when, realizing that six or seven dolls in addition to other toys was too much of a good thing, mother, who had the look-ahead temperament, resolved to kidnap one of the family and put it by for the next year. To all appearance the scheme was carried through successfully, as no inquiries were made, so on next Christmas the last year's baby reappeared under the new tree. Next morning Marie, accompanied by the usual number of admiring grown-ups, was taken to view the tree. Fixing her eyes on the absentee and holding her dimpled chin with a chubby hand, after a period of deep thought she remarked in a puzzled tone:

"Where the dickens have I seen that face before?"

HELD UP THE TRAIN

A German traveler who tried to pass a meal-ticket on the train was told by the conductor that he would have to pay the regular fare of thirty-five cents. The German argued and refused to pay more than twenty-five cents, whereupon the conductor stopped the train and put him off. In a twinkling the traveler ran ahead of the engine and started to walk on the track. The engineer blew his whistle violently, but the irate German turned, shook his fist and called out: "you can vissle all you want to; I von't come pack."

NO TIME FOR DETAILS

An American speeding over the continent of Europe in his automobile asked of his chauffeur: "Where are we?"

"In Paris," shouted the man at the wheel, and the dust flew.

"Oh, never mind the details," irritably screamed the American millionaire; "I mean what continent?"

HER EXPLANATION OF IT

A mother was nursing her baby when baby balked and refused to take his nourishment. The mother remarked that she couldn't understand why baby refused his dinner.

Helen, six years old, the daughter of a neighbor, was gravely watching the performance, when suddenly her face brightened and she said:

"I know, Mrs. Smith; maybe the milk tastes of garlic!"

WHO WAS THE OTHER?

A Scotch minister and his servant, who were coming home from a wedding, began to consider the state into which their potations at the wedding feast had left them.

"Sandy," said the minister, "just stop a minute here till I go ahead. Maybe I don't walk very steady and the good wife might remark something not just right."

He walked ahead of the servant for a short distance, and then asked:

"How is it? Am I walking straight?"

"Oh, ay," answered Sandy thickly, "ye're a' recht —but who's that who's with you?"

SHE HADN'T ENOUGH

A woman entered a photographer's gallery. "Do you take pictures of children?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How much are they, please?"

"Three dollars a dozen," said the proprietor.

"Well," she replied with a sigh, "I shall have to wait and come again. I have only eleven."

COULDN'T LEAVE TOWN

A lawyer had a horse that always balked when he attempted to cross a certain bridge leading out of the village. No amount of whipping or urging would induce him to cross it, so he advertised him for sale: "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner would like to leave town."

FULL PARTICULARS GIVEN

A small boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a suburban car with his mother, when they were asked the customary question, "How old is the boy?" After being told the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person.

The boy sat quite still as if pondering over some question, and then, concluding that full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor, then at the other end of the car: "And mother's thirty-one!"

MISTAKE ON BOTH SIDES

An old gentleman on board one of the numerous steamers which ply between Holyhead and the Irish coast missed his handkerchief, and accused a soldier standing by his side of stealing it, which the soldier, an Irishman, denied. Some few minutes afterward the gentleman found the missing article in his hat; he was then most profuse in his apologies to the soldier.

"Not another wurrd," said Pat; "it was a misthake on both sides—ye took me for a thafe, and I took ye for a gintlemon."

VALUABLE OFFICE BOY

The employer was bending over a table, looking at the directory. The new office boy slipped up quietly and poked a note into his hand. The surprised employer opened it, and read:

"Honored Sir—Yer pants is ripped."

THE WAY OUT

A well-known physician was on his way to his office one winter morning when the sidewalks were a glare of ice. While going down the street he met a lady coming in the opposite direction. The lady was a stranger to him, although he was not unknown to her.

In trying to avoid each other on the icy pavement they both slipped and came to the sidewalk facing each other, with their pedal extremities considerably entangled. While the polite doctor was debating in his mind what was the proper thing to say or do under the trying circumstances the problem was solved by the quick-witted lady, who quietly remarked:

"Doctor, if you will be good enough to rise and pick out your legs, I will take what remains."

A BIT OF LOGIC

A subscriber once wrote to an editor and asked:

"Please tell me, does a man in running around a tree go before or behind himself?"

The editor answered:

"That depends. If he is trying to catch himself, necessarily he follows himself, and consequently goes behind. If, on the contrary, he is running away from himself, the deduction leads to the very obvious conclusion that he precedes himself, and consequently goes before. If he succeeds in catching up with himself, and passes himself, at the moment of passing he neither precedes nor follows himself, but both he and himself are running even. This is the only case where he does not go before or behind himself."

SO SON: SO FATHER?

A small boy who had been very naughty was first reprimanded, then told that he must take a whipping. He flew upstairs and hid in the far corner under a bed. Just then the father came home. The mother told him what had occurred. He went upstairs and proceeded to crawl under the bed toward the youngster, who whispered excitedly, "Hello, Pop, is she after you, too?"

EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR

An Irishman, upon arriving in America, was asked his name at Ellis Island. He gave it.

"Speak louder," said the officer.

He repeated it.

"Louder," again said the officer; "why, man, your voice is as soft as a woman's!"

"Well," said Pat, "that might be. Me mother was a woman."

IT SEEMED SO UNNECESSARY

A city man once had occasion to stop at a country home where a tin basin and a roller-towel on the back porch sufficed for the family's ablutions. For two mornings the "hired man" of the household watched in silence the visitor's efforts at making a toilette under the unfavorable auspices, but when on the third day the tooth-brush, nail-file, whiskbroom, etc., had been duly used and returned to their places in the traveler's grip, he could suppress his curiosity no longer, so boldly put the question: "Say, Mister, air you always that much trouble to yo'self?"

HARD TO FIND

A janitor of a school threw up his job the other day. When asked the trouble, he said: "I'm honest, and I won't stand being slurred. If I find a pencil or handkerchief about the school when I'm sweeping I hang or put it up. Every little while the teacher, or some one that is too cowardly to face me, will give me a slur. A little while ago I seen wrote on the board, 'Find the least common multiple.' Well, I looked from cellar to garret for that thing, and I wouldn't know the thing if I would meet it on the street. Last night, in big writin' on the blackboard, it said, 'Find the greatest common divisor.' 'Well,' I says to myself, 'both of them things are lost now; and I'll be accused of takin' 'em, so I'll quit!'"

SHERMAN RECOGNIZED HIM

Upon a certain occasion General Sherman was the guest of honor at a banquet, after which a reception was held.

Among the people who filed in to shake hands with him General Sherman noticed a face that was very familiar, but which he could not place.

"Who are you?" he asked in an apologetic aside, as he welcomed the guest heartily.

The man blushed and murmured behind a deprecatory hand: "Made your shirts, sir."

"Ah, of course," exclaimed the General loudly, and, turning to the receiving committee behind him, he said:

"Gentlemen, allow me to present Major Schurtz."

THE RETORT COURT(!)EOUS

A Barrister named Bushe was trying a case in Limerick before Chief Baron O'Grady when, in the course of the lawyer's speech, an ass began to bray loudly outside the courtroom, the window of which opened on a pasture.

"Wait a moment," said the Chief Baron. "One at a time, Mr. Bushe, if you please."

The Barrister presently had a good chance to retort. When O'Grady was charging the jury the ass again began to bray, this time at a greater distance from the courtroom window.

"I beg your lordship's pardon," said Bushe. "May I ask you to repeat your last words? There is such an echo about here I did not quite catch that sentence."

HER FATHER DIDN'T LIKE IT

A young man told his girl the other night that if she didn't marry him he'd get a rope and hang himself right in front of her house. "Oh, please, don't do it, dear," she said; "you know father doesn't want you hanging around here."

WHERE WAS BILL?

Bill Jones is a country storekeeper down in Louisiana, and last spring he went to New Orleans to purchase a stock of goods. The goods were shipped immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes of goods were delivered at his store by the drayman his wife happened to look at the largest; she

uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing the screams, rushed to her assistance and asked what was the matter. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box which read as follows:

"Bill inside."

NOT SURE OF HIM

A district visitor once went to see an old Scotch woman who was dying. Noticing that her talk was all about herself and the minister, he said:

"Well, really, Jeannie, I believe you think there will be nobody in Heaven but yourself and the minister."

"Ah, well," said the old woman, "an I'm no' sae sure aboot the minister."

WRONG NUMBER

They were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked all alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey; let me in," she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Mabel. Let me in."

There was silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door:

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

THE GIRL'S COMPLAINT

A lady was calling on some friends one summer afternoon. The talk buzzed along briskly, fans waved and the daughter of the house kept twitching uncomfortably, frowning and making little smothered exclamations of annoyance. Finally, with a sigh, she rose and left the room.

"Your daughter," said the visitor, "seems to be suffering from the heat."

"No," said the hostess. "She is just back home from college and she is suffering from the family grammar."

BOUND TO BE IN STYLE

"Ma wants a package of dye and she wants a fashionable color," said a little girl to a druggist.

"A fashionable color?" echoed the pharmacist. "What does she want it for: eggs or clothes?"

"Well," replied the girl, "the doctor says ma has stomach trouble and she ought to diet. And ma says if she has to dye it she might as well dye it a fashionable color."

COULDN'T FAZE HIM

A lad who was visiting at a relative's house was unused to the form of saying grace before meals. He began to eat at the dinner-table without waiting or watching to see what the rest did.

"John," ventured his uncle hesitatingly, "we-ee usually say a little something before we eat."

"Say all you want, say all you want," replied John cheerfully. "You can't turn my stummick!"

PAID TO TAKE HIS MEDICINE

A little boy once told his friend, another youngster, that his mother was accustomed to give him a nickel every morning so that he would take his medicine in peace and quietness.

"Well, what do you do with it?" inquired the little friend.

"Mother puts it in a money-box until there is a dollar."

"And what then?"

"Why, then, mother buys another bottle of medicine with it."

SHE SAVED HIM POSTAGE

The following letter was received from his sister by a New Yorker who was away from home on a visit:

"I am sending by mail a parcel containing the golf coat you wanted. As the brass buttons are heavy I have cut them off to save postage.

Your loving sister, J——.

"P. S.—You will find the buttons in the right-hand pocket of the coat."

DROVE HIM MAD

They took him to the sanatorium moaning feebly: "Thirty-nine, thirty-nine."

"What does he mean by that?" the attendant inquired.

"It's the number of buttons on the back of his wife's new frock," the family doctor explained.

MUCH SIMPLER

At a country fair in Kansas a man went up to a tent where some elk were on exhibition, and stared wistfully up at the sign.

"I'd like to go in there," he said to the keeper, "but it would be mean to go in without my family, and I cannot afford to pay for my wife and seventeen children."

The keeper stared at him in astonishment. "Are all those your children?" he gasped.

"Every one," said the man.

"You wait a minute," said the keeper. "I'm going to bring the elk out and let them see you all."

WHAT BROUGHT THEM?

A rural school has a pretty girl as its teacher, but she was much troubled because many of her pupils were late every morning. At last she made the announcement that she would kiss the first pupil to arrive at the schoolhouse the next morning. At sunrise the largest three boys of her class were sitting on the doorstep of the schoolhouse, and by six o'clock every boy in the school and four of the directors were waiting for her to arrive.

HE HAD CERTAINLY MET HIM

A traveler going to New Zealand was asked by a friend if he would inquire, while there, as to the whereabouts of the friend's grandfather, Jeremiah Thompson.

"Certainly," said the traveler, and wherever he went

he asked for news of the ancestor, but without avail.

One day he was introduced to a fine old Maori of advanced age. "Did you ever meet with an Englishman named Jeremiah Thompson?" he asked.

A smile passed over the Maori's face. "Meet him?" he repeated. "Why, I ate him!"

DENIED THE ONLY SHADE

It was a broiling hot day in the park, and those walking therein were well-nigh exhausted, when a very stout old lady came bustling along one of the paths, closely followed by a rough-looking tramp.

Twice she commanded him to leave her, but still he followed just behind.

At last the old lady, quite disgusted, turned angrily around and said:

"Look here, my man, if you don't go away I shall call a policeman."

The poor fellow looked up at her with a tear in his eye, and then remarked:

"For goodness' sake, mum, have mercy and don't call a policeman, for ye're the on'y shady spot in the park."

SHE SAID IT

A visitor of noble birth was expected to arrive at a large country house in the North of England, and the daughter of the house, aged seven, was receiving final instructions from her mother.

"And now, dear," she said, "when the Duke speaks to you do not forget always to say 'your Grace.'"

Presently the great man arrived, and after greet-

ing his host and hostess he said to the child, "Well, my dear, and what is your name?" Judge of his surprise when the little girl solemnly closed her eyes and with clasped hands exclaimed, "For what we are about to receive may we be truly fankful, amen."

DISPOSING OF BOTH

A lady in the center seat of the parlor car heard the request of a fellow-passenger directly opposite asking the porter to open the window, and, scenting a draft, she immediately drew a cloak about her.

"Porter, if that window is opened," she snapped testily, "I shall freeze to death."

"And if the window is kept closed," returned the other passenger, "I shall surely suffocate."

The poor porter stood absolutely puzzled between the two fires.

"Say, boss," he finally said to a commercial traveler seated near by, "what would you do?"

"Do?" echoed the traveler. "Why, man, that is a very simple matter; open the window and freeze one lady. Then close it and suffocate the other."

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